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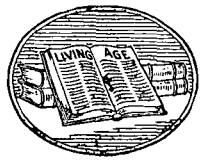

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THE ECLIPSE OF THE FOURTEEN POINTS

BY PRINCE MAX OF BADEN

THE treaty of the fourteen points has been broken. I will demonstrate this in detail.

Point 1. 'Open covenants of peace openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind, but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view.'

The treaty is the result of six months of secret labor. Its responsible authors shun publicity. The awakened peoples of the world and the common man with his sentiments of justice, to whom Wilson was ever appealing formerly, have not been given a chance during any stage of the proceedings to express their sentiments. The published contents of the treaty are a disillusion for the entire world.

Point 2. 'Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.'

The principle of the freedom of the seas demands the security of non-combatants in war. It is a principle deeply rooted in the history of the American nation. America was willing to enter the war to defend this principle. Wilson obligated himself to defend this principle at any price and against every opponent who violated it, on July 24, 1915. On the 5th of November, 1918, he proclaimed his renunciation of the freedom of the seas; but the completeness with which he betrayed this principle has surprised even those of his associates who forced him to do so. America, once the champion of non-combatants even in a war where her existence was at stake, has sanctioned the murder of hundreds of thousands of women and children after military operations had ceased; and quite consistently with this armistice policy, the peace treaty requires the delivery of one hundred and forty milch cows, which is tantamount to slaughtering more children still.

Point 3. 'The removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers, and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance.'

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Every conceivable economic barrier has been erected against German industry. Every shadow of equality of trade has been denied the German merchant. Wilson demands considerations of justice and fair play in the competition among nations. There is no longer any talk of this. Aye, further than that, the expressed principles of international law are cast to the winds in order to cripple Germany's trade and manufactures and to destroy her position in the economic world. Measures against German private property, even intellectual property, which were unjust even in the midst of warfare, are proclaimed as law in the terms of peace.

Point 4. 'Adequate guaranties given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety.'

No guaranties are given or taken to ensure reciprocal disarmament. Germany alone is to be disarmed, and the maintenance of great armaments by the Entente is expressly provided for by the stipulation that German territory shall continue to be occupied for fifteen years. However, the French military budget is relieved of the burden thus involved, by forcing Germany to pay the cost of the army of occupation.

Point 5. 'A free, open-minded, and absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, based upon a strict observance of the principle that in determining all such questions of sovereignty the interests of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the government whose title is to be determined.'

It is proposed to settle colonial questions in the most selfish and partisan spirit conceivable. Germany's moral claim to the rights of a colonial power was not disputed before the war, even by English experts. The loyalty of the native born population of East Africa during the late war has no example in colonial history, and constitutes a clear expression of the desires of the people of that colony. The proposed adjustment is made without consideration of the equitable claims of Germany, and without regard for the interests of the populations concerned.

Point 7. 'Belgium, the whole world will agree, must be evacuated and restored without any attempt to limit the sovereignty which she enjoys in common with all other free nations. No other single act will serve as this will serve to restore confidence among the nations in the laws which they have themselves set and determined for the government of their relations with one another. Without this healing act the whole structure and validity of international law is forever impaired.'

Belgium is not only to be restored, but is to receive accessions of territory at the cost of German territory and of German people.

In Point 7 Wilson admits unlimited sovereignty, not only for Belgium, but for every other free nation. The provisions of the peace treaty deprive Germany of freedom. Important sovereign rights of the German people are taken away from them and conferred upon the Reparation Commission, and the proposed invasion of Germany's judicial rights, such as, for example, the grotesque and dishonorable demand for the surrender of the Kaiser, far exceed any claims which Austria, in her day, made against Serbia, and which the Serbs rejected as incompatible with their sovereignty.

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Point 8. All French territory should be freed and the invaded portions restored, and the wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871, in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine, which has unsettled the peace of the world for nearly fifty years, should be righted, in order that peace may once more be made secure in the interest of all.'

President Wilson has consistently stated in his speeches that an injustice cannot be righted by a new injustice. The peace treaty does not content itself with the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, but seeks to enforce a point of disguised annexation of undisputed territories in the West. Germany's western boundary, as our enemies would draw it, is not in accord with Point 8 of Wilson's programme, but is in direct accord with the clauses of the secret agreement of February 14, 1917, between the Tsar and the French Republic. These clauses are:

1. Alsace-Lorraine will be restored to France.

2. The boundaries of this territory will be extended at least as far as the boundaries of the former Duchy of Lorraine, and shall accord with the wishes of the French government so as to consult strategic necessities. This involves incorporating the entire iron district of Lorraine and the entire coal district of the Saar region, within French territories.

3. The other territories west of the Rhine which now belong to the domains of the German Empire, shall be entirely separated from Germany and freed from all political and economic dependence on Germany.

4. The territories west of the Rhine, which are not incorporated within the realms of France, shall form an autonomous neutral state and be occupied by French troops until the hostile Powers shall have fully complied with all conditions and guaranties which may be provided in the treaty of peace.

Point 9. 'A readjustment of the frontiers of Italy should be effected along clearly recognizable lines of nationality.'

Italy's northern boundary has been drawn in complete defiance of the principle of nationality. The proposed adjustment grants Italy a population which is passionately German, which has a glorious German past, and which is thus made a mere appendage to a strategic frontier precisely as the German population of the Saar territory is treated as so much livestock attached to the coal mines which we hypothecate to France.

Point 10. 'The peoples of Austria-Hungary, whose place among the nations we wish to see safeguarded and assured, should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development.'

After the disintegration of Austria-Hungary, the sense of Point 10 could only be that the former peoples of Austria-Hungary should have free control of their national destiny and form of government. Article 80 of the treaty of peace explicitly states that German-Austria shall not have free right of self-determination, to follow its natural and national impulses and unite itself with Germany.

Point 13. 'An independent Polish state should be erected which should include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations, who should be assured free and secure access to the sea, and whose political and economic independence and territorial integrity should be guaranteed by international covenant.'

The proposed Polish state includes a wide extent of territory which is inhabited by an indisputably German population. Every controversial region is granted to Poland, although the majority of the population have already expressed themselves clearly as desiring a different settlement.

The boundary between Germany

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and Poland is not drawn with the purpose of bringing about the permanent reconciliation of the two nations, but solely in order to facilitate a Polish war against Germany. National, economic, or historical reasons are appealed to, as suits expediency in each instance, in order to support a decision in favor of Poland, while the same principles are completely disregarded when they would cause a district to be allotted to Germany.

Point 14. 'A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guaranties of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small nations alike.'

If such a thing as an association of nations has been brought into existence by the present treaty, Germany has been excluded. The present organization of the League of Nations leaves the history of the world in the hands of the associated and allied governments, which have shown their unworthiness to manage the interests of humanity alone during the last six months, since they have permitted, by their armistice policy, civil wars, famine, and pestilence, at a time when they had it in their power, by raising the blockade, to carry out the greatest labor of salvation in the history of the world.

Consequently, the treaty of fourteen points has been broken in both spirit and letter. No serious effort will be made to assert that the promises of that treaty have been observed. Opponents of President Wilson in the Entente countries, who have reviled him for years; the champions of the mob, such as Horatio Bottomley; the spokesmen of special interests who are seeking to destroy Germany's trade forever, and likewise all the open advocates of strategic frontiers, are boasting openly to-day of their triumph over Wilson and speak of 'the crushing defeat of the fourteen points.'

Germany is fighting to-day for something more than her own rights. If we continue to conduct our case in an honorable way, and to refrain from even the slightest effort to distort the agreed-upon basis of negotiations in our own favor, we shall be fighting the cause of mankind at large.

Europe is hopelessly condemned to chaos if this treaty goes into effect. This treaty does not bring peace, but permanent war.

A few weeks ago, when it seemed as if we might soon have peace and sufficient food for our sick and starving people, something like hope sprang up that Germany might be the first nation to settle the conflict between the classes by a great sacrifice on the part of her property owners, and the revival of national sentiment on the part of her working people. But if, instead of peace, we have the Versailles Treaty, some fifteen millions of the population of Germany, who will have no way to support themselves, will revolt against extermination; and unless the chains that bind Germany are broken, we shall have a civil war more fearful than the previous war and the armistice that is following.

The new state of Poland will be the battle-ground of a continual war of liberation. Even if the incredible should happen, and the German government should be willing to sacrifice Upper Silesia, or East Prussia, or West Prussia, these provinces would, none the less, refuse to give up Germany.

To create, by violence, a military Poland, as the Entente plans, is likewise a bitter injustice to the Poles themselves; for they may be able to govern a state that embraces only their own nation, but they are by

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no means competent to govern a state that embraces many nations.

The Poles have been unscrupulous guardians of the national minorities entrusted to their care. They are just as unscrupulous to-day as they were in the old times of the Polish Republic.

I not only appeal to the reports of the Pogroms in Poland, which are appearing every day now in the English press — I would particularly call attention to the report of the American food expert, in the Manchester *Guardian* of May 9, upon the massacre at Pinsk, a massacre which the local authorities favored and the government permitted to pass unpunished.

To put this peace treaty into effect means to push far to the westward both the Pogrom frontier and the 'Balkan' frontier.

The Berliner Tageblatt, June 11

GERMAN DEMOCRACY AND FRENCH SECURITY

BY ERICH KUTTNER

EARLY in the war one saw in many show windows, among other things exhibited, a chart showing the present population and the prospective population growth of the belligerent nations up to 1950. Each nation was represented by soldiers in their proper uniform. The size of the figures expressed the respective populations. On the extreme left of this chart was a little French poilu and during the period up to 1950, he was expected to show hardly appreciable growth. In the middle stood a stately German warrior and by 1950 he was to have grown several heads higher. Clear over to the right was an imposing Russian giant, almost three times the size of the German, four times as large as the Frenchman, and by 1950 he was to become an enormous colossus.

This chart was symbolical of the foreign policy of Germany before the revolution and of the foreign policy of France at the present time. At the outbreak of the war Germany was dominated by a hypnotic fear of Russia. We said to ourselves: 'We can conquer Russia by arms but what then?' What effect will even the bloodiest slaughter have upon a nation whose vigorous population adds two millions to its numbers every year? In spite of all our victories Russia now is three times as populous, and will in a generation be five times as populous, as we are, and then woe to us!'

This hypnotic fear was the cause of our plans for partitioning Russia and was the ultimate reason for our conduct at Brest-Litovsk. We were trying to become masters of the Russian peril by depriving Russia of everything that could be taken away from it, even territory that did not desire to be separated from Russia, such as broad and fertile Ukraina. But a strange thing occurred. Even such a policy did not diminish the Russian people to the extent we desired, and

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over and above that the whole scheme was most precarious because we knew that at the very first opportunity Ukraina would seize the occasion to rejoin Russia, as it has in fact done already.

The example is full of meaning. It demonstrates that no sort of military compulsion will change the natural relations between peoples. Military compulsion assumes as its guiding principle eternal hostility and in doing so adopts the measures best calculated to perpetuate hostility among nations. It directly inspires a policy of revenge in the government, which it would hold in check by its policy of mutilation and duress. Even had the peace of Brest-Litovsk remained in force, Germany would not have been free from its fear of Russia. The Russian nation would have continued to multiply and everyone added to its numbers would have been a hater of Germany. To-day the peace of Brest-Litovsk has been torn into a thousand shreds, but, in spite of that, there is not a man in Germany who really fears the Russian danger because we have all persuaded ourselves that we were mistaken in assuming perpetual hostility with Russia.

However, the French representatives in Versailles are dominated by the same hypnotic fear of Germany that the Germans felt of Russia at Brest-Litovsk. They mourn and they cherish deep anger because of the devastation of Northern France, but the determining factor in Clemenceau's policy is the simple arithmetical calculation that there are only twice as many German-speaking as French-speaking people in Europe and that the Germans are multiplying while the French are stationary. France in spite of its victory is just as terrified by Germany as Germany was by conquered Russia. France has, as we had, the threatening figures of the population chart before its eyes.

So we see Clemenceau resorting to practically the same measures that Ludendorff adopted in his day: Partition, separation, disarmament. If we regard these things from the viewpoint of a future war of vengeance, does France suppose that it really makes itself safer by such a policy? Assuming that we were just what the French believe us to be, mere pretenders of peace sentiments as a result of our defeat but at heart already preparing a new campaign, would not in that case France still have reason to tremble before us no matter if it occupied the left bank of the Rhine and if German-Austria were prevented from joining Germany or even if several million Germans were placed under the governments of the Poles and Czechs and Italians, and German armaments were limited? In spite of all that, there would be many more Germans than French and within a generation the relative proportions would be still more unfavorable for France than they are at present.

But all artificial restrictions and limitations upon a nation have been proved by history to be but temporary. At the first shifting of international interests, these bonds are stripped off. Ultimately the security of France cannot be assured by disarming and partitioning Germany. Its only security is in maintaining a permanent syndicate of victors opposed to Germany. But such a syndicate is a very brittle thing. It is sure to break up as soon as its first purpose is attained. When Germany was conquered, the real reason for the Entente ceased to exist. England and America have nothing to fear from us. The sole reason for a future alliance would be to protect France against German vengeance. France will occupy the position of a

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perpetual *protégé* and be a permanent dependent on its associates. Its fear of Germany will make it a mere hanger-on of England. The moment this friendship is disturbed, and we have only to think of the possibility of colonial conflicts to see how easily that may occur, then France, who has lost its former ally, Russia, during the war, will have to depend solely on its own resources.

This is the situation, if we look at matters with the eyes of imperialism. In spite of all its guaranties, France is not secure. In spite of all the chains it loads upon its enemy, it is in constant terror of that enemy. Militarism and annexations will be no more effective in protecting France from Germany than they were in protecting Germany from Russia.

Consequently, there is only one real source of safety for France. It lies not in a peace of duress and compulsion but in a peace that is a peace of spirit as well as form. If Germany is perforce treated as an enemy, Germany will continue to be a danger to the French nation no matter to what extent it is disarmed and guarded, but in this case likewise the danger vanishes the moment you eliminate the idea of hostility.

The true interest and the best protection of France does not consist in trying to render Germany incapable of future wars but in removing the inner motives for such wars. At the present moment the Germans cherish no thought of revenge. Measures of violence and duress directed against an imaginary peril may, indeed, inspire that sentiment. In the same way that the domestic transformation of Russia has liberated Germany from the hypnotic fear of Russian aggression, so should the inner transformation of Germany liberate France from a similar dread. But this cannot happen until France gives up its old military point of view.

France's best protection against Germany is a real League of Nations coöperating on a basis of equality — a League of Nations that is not a trust of the conquerors but is based upon the principles of justice and conciliation and mutual understanding and that will, therefore, afford a guaranty against any future war.

Vorwärts

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THE REGIONALIST MOVEMENT IN FRANCE

BY ALEC W. G. RANDALL

SINCE the rise of modern states, and more particularly since the French Revolution, most countries of Europe with an independent national history of any considerable length have been the battle-grounds of two contending political ideas which, though they sometimes have different labels, we generally call Centralization and Decentralization. The struggle has been waged in France,— an example of supreme interest,— in Belgium, in Great Britain, in Italy, in Switzerland, in Spain, and in Germany. Switzerland, which has probably come nearer an ideal solution of the difficulty than any other country in Europe, is still faced with it from time to time; Great Britain, which has also been not unsuccessful, occasionally hears echoes of it — apart from the Irish question, which is properly a national problem and not really a difficulty of centralization. Both France and Spain are bending their energies to find a way of reconciling the two contending principles, and, after the peace terms have been accepted by both Germany and Austria, we may expect to see a revival of the same antagonism there, too — the antagonism between the centralist state, Prussia, and the decentralizing states in the South and in the Rhineland; between the advocates of the so-called *Einheitsstaat* (*état unitaire*, unitary state) and of the *Bundesstaat* (*état fédéral*, federal state).

The idea which stands as a challenge to centralism is frequently called regionalism. As has been indicated, the term is primarily a political one, and the best English connotation of it the phrase 'local government.' But it can have a wider signification and be taken to include cultural and literary activities having for their aim or their result the stimulation of corporate self-consciousness in the inhabitants of a certain district or region. In its historical aspect regionalism is closely analogous to, is, in fact, an extension of, nationalism, and the relationship of a region to the country in which it is situated is on practically the same level as the relationship of a nation to that larger unit we call Europe. The one obvious difference is, of course, that the conscious loyalty of the European toward his continent is by no means so strong as the instinctive and often well-cultivated loyalty of the inhabitant of a region toward his country as a whole. As the units grow larger, emotion becomes more diffuse — an axiom of political psychology which makes one eager to watch the working out of the League of Nations, that attempt to impose the 'larger loyalty,' not merely on Europe, but on the world. Of its practical success we need not doubt; but will it ever evoke an emotion comparable with the sentiment of patriotism? Will men ever be moved by, be willing to die for, an international political ideal dissociated from any personality?

These questions are of the kind we must ask if we wish to explain and make clear to ourselves the real nature of regionalism in general and its origin and development in France in particular. Race psychologists, of

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whom France has produced the most distinguished and least dry-as-dust, have devoted a good deal of attention to this, the theoretical, side of the discussion. The life and activities of each individual, so we might paraphrase their argument, are regulated according to his relationship to some definite social unit — the family, the region, the state. Normally this relationship should take the form of devotion and loyalty, the instinct for which is as fundamental and as inevitable as maternal love. Modern states have, however, grown to such a size and have come to embrace such a complexity of cosmopolitan interests, that instinctive patriotism has become difficult. The same instinct, therefore, seeks to express itself through devotion to a smaller unit, and we get a regionalist movement. How the process operated in the transition from mediæval to modern Europe, with its sharply defined national boundaries, has been well described by M. Ernest Lavisse, who has employed the formulas *besoin de différentiation* and *individualisme national*. In his *Vue générale sur l'histoire politique de l'Europe*, he says:

> Autrefois les lettres classiques étaient dans tous les pays le principal moyen d'éducation. Les humanités étaient naturellement internationales. . . . Aujourd'hui nous contestons aux humanités non seutement le droit exclusif, mais tout droit à l'éducation. Ici encore l'esprit moderne procède à la destruction du général et de l'universal: il est séparatiste De nos jours la longue évolution commencée sur la ruine de l'empire romain, contrariée et, par moments, arrêtée par des sentiments, des idées et des habitudes, s'achève: l'individualisme national est un fait accompli.

Substitute the word *régional* for *national*, and the argument is exactly applicable to the question we have under discussion. In modern France, however, apart from this general cause, there have been local and particular causes leading to the revival of regionalism. The first and most obvious has been the reaction against the exclusive domination of Paris over French literature, social life, and culture. The French Revolution abolished the division of France into more or less autonomous provinces, and substituted for them eighty departments, which, according to the terms of the Draft Bill of 1789, *partent de Paris comme du centre*. Thus was introduced into French national life what the regionalists call the twin vice of *centralisme* and *Parisianisme* — the first representing an administrative, the second an intellectual, evil. It is not denied that where there was so great danger from reaction on the part of supporters of dispossessed governments, a certain amount of centralization became inevitable; the strongly centralist tendencies in Berlin at the present moment may be ascribed to the same cause. But the injury done to the life of the nation as a whole is also not in doubt.

From the original evil flowed other evils. By impressing its increasing cosmopolitanism on the rest of the country, Paris tended to drive it into artificiality; the utterly unnatural tyranny exercised for a time by Ibsen over French literature is often quoted as a case in point. The verdict of Gaston Paris on modern French art was as follows:

> L'art contemporain est arrivé à une sorte d'impasse et réduit à l'artifice; il se meurt, coupé dans sa racine parce qu'il manque d'être populaire.

And Maurice Barrès, speaking of *Parisianisme*, said:

> Notre organisation politique nous condamne aujourd'hui à nous entasser dans Paris ou à nous isoler dans l'impuissance départementale.

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This does not mean that Paris, any more than London or Rome, or even Berlin or New York, was incapable of inspiring great art, but is to be read as a protest against the assumption, implicit in so much of French administration and criticism, that only there is great art to be found. In many ways the regionalist movement, to-day so frequently the *protégé* of conservatives and traditionalists, is to be regarded as the direct descendant of romanticism and revolution. Its beginning can be traced back to the year 1830, the year of revolution and nationalist uprising, not only in France but also in Belgium, Poland, Italy, and Greece. Out of the soil which the movements of the thirties were to prepare was to spring, in Provence, the first and most important growth of French regionalism.

The Provençal movement is, of course, forever associated with Frédéric Mistral, whose work, on his death in March, 1914, was well known all over the world. What that work implied in culture and political action is, however, even now very little understood or appreciated. The criticism which would, for example, place Mistral on the same level as the dialect poets, is a very one-sided one. Mistral was not the first poet of his century to write in the language of the Midi. The Gascon poet, Jasmin, who is known to English readers through the translations of Longfellow, preceded him with work of a high quality in the Gascon tongue. But he brought his writing to no practical issue and was never inscribed on the list of the *Félibres* who trod in Mistral's steps. The Félibrige movement dates back to the meeting in 1845 between Mistral and Roumanille, his schoolmaster. Both had an intense interest in the revival of the old *langue d'oc*, the language of the Troubadours, not merely as a literary dialect,— Mistral and his colleagues were always to be distinguished from the *patoisants*,— but as a living tongue of daily intercourse and self-expression. They gathered like-minded men about them, and nine years later, on May 21, 1854, the Félibrige was founded by Mistral and Roumanille, with five fellow writers. These pioneers proceeded to elaborate an organization for the production of Provençal literature and the promotion of competitions, meetings, and plays — anything which might serve to extend the use of the Provençal tongue, and revive the old Provençal customs among the people of Provence as a whole. In 1855 an annual review of the movement, the *Armana Prouvençau*, was founded, and the ideas of the Félibrige began to spread with great rapidity over the whole of the South, in Gascony, Aquitaine, Limousin, and Languedoc. In 1862 the Statutes of the Félibrige were issued, the principal declaration in which was:

> Le Félibrige a pour but de conserver longtemps à la Provence sa langue, son caractère, sa liberté d'allure, son honneur national, et sa hauteur d'intelligence, car, telle qu'elle est, la Provence nous plaît.

As time went on, this wide aim began to be more and more definitely pursued. The publication of Mistral's epic *Mireio* and the praise given to it by Lamartine secured to the movement a high position in the world of letters. Lamartine's words were as follows: 'A great epic poet is born! A true Homeric poet of our own time . . . a poet who has created a language out of a dialect, as Petrarch created Italian.'

And in connection with Petrarch it should be pointed out that the celebration at Avignon, in 1874, of the five hundredth anniversary of the poet's death was one sign among

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many that the Félibrige movement was tending toward a community of sentiment, even of action, with the other Latin movements, with the Rumanians, the Italian regionalists and the Catalan poets and artists. One of Mistral's most striking sonnets, it may be noted, was addressed to the people of Rumania:

Te mando, ô Roumanio, un rampau d'olivié.

In 1876 came the definite organization of the whole Félibrige movement. A chief, called the *Capoulié*, was appointed, and the different districts of the Midi divided into separate, autonomous regions called *Maintenances*. The persistent and effective propaganda of the movement was greatly assisted by the Catholic priests, for to a considerable extent the Félibrige was composed of Roman Catholics and monarchists. This fact threw a good deal of suspicion on the movement, both from within it and without. The Félibre Félix Gras, for example, established in 1876 a periodical having for its object the counteracting of the alleged clerical tendencies of Provençal regionalism while remaining faithful to its cultural and literary aims. Another member of the movement, Eugène Garcin, in 1868 severed his connection with it on the ground that it was separatist, though it is true that, later, he recognized the inaccuracy of this charge, and effected a reconciliation with his colleagues. Active hostility to the authorities in Paris there may have been; but in general the Félibres combined the most intense devotion to their *région* with an equally fervent love of the *patrie*. The words of Félix Gras have often been quoted, but they are so expressive of the essence of the regionalist movement, not in Provence alone, that they may be given once more:

Ame moun vilatge mai que toun vilatge,
Ame ma Prouvenço mai que ta prouvinço,
Ame la Franco mai que tout.*

The love, too, of Mistral himself for France was not in doubt. 'De façon ou d'autre,' he once said, 'il faut que la France dans l'Univers soit le flambeau.' His standpoint and that of the whole Félibrige was that expressed by the Catalan poet Milay Fontanals:

Qui n'aime sa province ne peut aimer son pays.

All that the movement wished, again in the words of Mistral, was for France once more to become *vivace*.

C'est en nous retrempant [he continued], c'est en favorisant les pousses nouvelles qui verdoient dans le fonds populaire, que nous échapperons à la périlleuse faiblesse du cosmopolitanisme et aux platitudes de l'universel nivellement.

But utterances like these did not prevent the movement, particularly on its administrative side, from continuing to be suspect to the central authorities in Paris, and in 1904 the *Maintenances* were suppressed. This measure did little to arrest the regionalist movement in general. For, in the meantime, the literary genius of Mistral had stirred the writers of other provinces to emulation. In 1891 the Félibrige had declared its solidarity with the regionalist movement in Brittany. Thereafter came a period of great regionalist activity. In Paris, M. Charles Maurras made himself the untiring champion of the *décentralisateurs*, and his essay entitled, *La Politique provencal*, which was published in the volume of studies collected under the title *L'Etang de Berre*, still remains perhaps the best account of the development of the Félibrige. In all important centres the work of the *Fédération régionaliste* went on, largely

* I love my village more than thy village
I love my Provence more than thy province.
I love France more than all.

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under the direction of M. Charles Brun, to whom M. Jean Desthieux dedicates his recent volume *L'Evolution régionaliste*, calling him the *Apôtre du Régionalisme*. Another writer who greatly assisted the work of making regionalism popular, by means of imaginative writing evoking the various regions he knew, was M. Armand Praviel, whose volume *Les Routes de Gascogne*, was published in the series of 'Les Pays de France: Collection des Écrivains régionaux,' in 1908. In the following year M. Praviel published his intensely interesting book on the Félibrige entitled *L'Empire du Soleil: Scènes et Portraits félibréens*, the title being a reference to Mistral's name for his beloved Provence, 'L'Empèri dou Souleu.'

In the list of writers for the series just mentioned of 'Ecrivains régionaux' there appeared the name of Henri Bordeaux, the well-known novelist, who wrote a number of sketches of Savoy; also that of M. Charles le Goffic, known to English readers during the war by his wonderful narrative of Dixmude. He, together with the still better known Anatole le Braz, devoted himself to Brittany. For the other important provinces there were equally distinguished names — if not in this particular series, then in regionalist literature in general: for Normandy, Jean Revel; for Lorraine, Maurice Barrès; for Anjou, René Bazin; for Provence, Ernest Daudet. Before the war regionalist literature was claiming an increasing share in the literary achievement of France.

And then came the war. From the literary, social, and cultural points of view regionalism came to an end, though regionalist writers such as M. Barrès were careful to point out that the intensely enthusiastic response from the alleged separatist provinces was a justification of the regionalist's contentions concerning loyalty to the smaller unit, the province. But if regionalism was arrested in its progress as literature, in its political aspect it seemed again to be coming into its own. On this side of the question there were several important books published either during the war or shortly after its conclusion. The most noteworthy are those entitled *La Politique fédéraliste*, by Charles Maurras's friend, missing since September, 1914, Henry Cellérier; and the two by M. Jean Desthieux entitled, respectively, *L'Evolution régionaliste* and *Produire: d'une organisation économique du Pays*. M. Cellérier's book does not call for detailed mention in a purely historical narrative, being mainly an earnest, and often a brilliant, defense of the thesis that democratic republics are in general compelled to centralize while monarchies can decentralize. M. Jean Desthieux's volumes are far less controversial. They constitute, it is true, a *plaidoyer* in favor of regionalism and the decentralizing movement; but they fortify the argument with a considerable amount of convincing proof of the progress which the idea of decentralization has made during recent years among the leading practical politicians of France. No longer can it be said that regionalism is essentially anti-republican. Before the war, in 1906, under M. Clemenceau, there was appointed a commission to prepare a plan of decentralization which would have meant an administrative reform much along the lines advocated by the regionalists. In November, 1910, came a governmental statement of agreement with the decentralizing project. The statesmen of France were awaking to the truth of Lamennais's remark that 'la centralisation, c'est l'apoplexie au centre, la paralysie aux extrémités,' But there was no practical issue.

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During the war the body of authoritative political opinion in favor of some scheme of decentralization grew considerably. The support given to it was not divided according to parties. Of one of the numerous *projets*, that of M. Jean Hennessy, M. Marc Frayssinet wrote in the *Courrier du Centre* for June 25, 1915:

Les projets des régionalistes nous ramènent aux vrais principes républicains. Tant que la décision des affaires sera remise à des délégués incompétents ou trop lointains, l'organisation démocratique ne sera qu'une trompeuse façade. Le gouvernement du peuple par le peuple, ou cela ne veut rien dire, ou cela veut dire: les affaires communales réglées par la commune, les affaires régionales réglées par la région. Les représentants de la nation auront ainsi et le temps et la liberté d'esprit nécessaires pour veiller aux grands intérêts nationaux dont rien — l'heure présente le rappelle durement — ne doit un seul instant les détourner.

The well-known political writer who signs himself 'Lysis' remarked in his much-discussed book *Vers la Démocratie nouvelle:* 'La direction vers laquelle nous sommes orientés tend à créer partout l'autonomie.'

And finally — it is impossible to give here all the quotations available; those who wish to read them must be referred to M. Jean Desthieux's books — we may give the opinions of M. Clemenceau. Before becoming Premier, though in principle in favor of measures of administrative reform along decentralist lines, he was concerned to point out the difficulties, as the following extract from an article by him in *L'Homme enchaîné* will show:

Une fédération d'États pourra peut-être, un jour, s'installer chez nous, dès que nous aurons renoncé aux mœurs de la centralisation à outrance. De ces mœurs nous avons cruellement souffert, nous continuons d'en souffrir, et les critiques abondent de tous côtés. Mais aussitôt qu'on parle de relâcher l'enserrement napoléonien, il semble que la France soit perdue.

On becoming Premier, M. Clemenceau devoted all his energies to the winning of the war. Now that he has triumphed in that supreme aim, one wonders what part he — or the man destined to succeed him — will play in the reconstruction of France. Administrative reform, as a recent debate in the French Chamber, in which M. Briand took a leading part, showed, is in the air again, and far-reaching electoral changes are being proposed, having for their main object the liberation of the individual deputy from the absorbing interests of his constituency, to the disadvantage of wider national affairs. A move in France toward the establishment of local government somewhat on the English pattern, or, going further, approximating to the federal organization of the Swiss Confederation, is now in the range of practical politics. To a great extent this is the beginning of the outcome of the long, patient work of the regionalists. There is no more fascinating example anywhere of the influence of a literary and cultural movement on political action.

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INTELLECTUAL SNOBBERY

BY A. A. MILNE

A GOOD many years ago I had a painful experience. I was discovered by my house-master reading in bed at the unauthorized hour of midnight. Smith *minor* in the next bed (we shared a candle) was also reading. We were both discovered. But the most annoying part of the business, as it seemed to me then, was that Smith *minor* was discovered reading *Alton Locke*, and that I was discovered reading *Marooned Among Cannibals*. If only our house-master had come in the night before! Then he would have found *me* reading *Alton Locke*. Just for a moment it occurred to me to tell him this, but after a little reflection I decided that it would be unwise. He might have misunderstood the bearings of the revelation.

There is hardly one of us who is proof against this sort of intellectual snobbery. A detective story may have been a very good friend to us, but we don't want to drag it into the conversation; we prefer a casual reference to *The Egoist*, with which we have perhaps only a bowing acquaintance; a reference which leaves the impression that we are inseparable companions, or at any rate inseparable until such day when we gather from our betters that there are heights even beyond *The Egoist*. Dead or alive, we would sooner be found with a copy of Marcus Aurelius than with a copy of Marie Corelli. I used to know a man who carried always with him a Russian novel in the original; not because he read Russian, but because a day might come when, as the result of some accident, the 'pockets of the deceased' would be exposed in the public press. As he said, you never know; but the only accident which happened to him was to be stranded for twelve hours one August at a wayside station in the Highlands. After this he maintained that the Russians were over-rated.

I should like to pretend that I myself have grown out of these snobbish ways by this time; but I am doubtful if it would be true. It happened to me not so long ago to be traveling in company of which I was very much ashamed; and to be ashamed of one's company is to be a snob. At this period I was trying to amuse myself (and, if it might be so, other people) by writing a burlesque story in the manner of an imaginary collaboration by Sir Hall Caine and Mrs. Florence Barclay. In order to do this I had to study the works of these famous authors, and for many week-ends in succession I might have been seen traveling to, or returning from, the country with a couple of their books under my arm. To keep one book beneath the arm is comparatively easy; to keep two is much more difficult. Many was the time, while waiting for my train to come in, that one of those books slipped from me. Indeed, there is hardly a junction in the railway system of the southern counties at which I have not dropped on some Saturday or other a Caine or a Barclay; to have it restored to me a moment later by a courteous fellow passenger — courteous, but with a smile of gentle pity in his eye as he glimpsed the author's name. 'Thanks very much,' I would stammer, blushing guiltily, and perhaps I would babble about a sick friend to whom I was taking them, or that I was running out of paper weights. But he never believed me. He knew that he would have said something like that himself.

Nothing is easier than to assume that other people share one's weaknesses. No doubt Jack the Ripper excused himself on the ground that it

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was human nature; possibly, indeed, he sent up an article to the *Outlook*, in which he speculated mildly as to the reasons which made stabbing so attractive to us all. So I realize that I may be doing you an injustice in suggesting that you who read may also have your little snobberies. But I confess that I should like to cross-examine you. If in conversation with you, on the subject (let us say) of heredity, a subject to which you have devoted a good deal of study, I took it for granted that you had read Ommany's *Approximations*, would you make it quite clear to me that you had not read it? Or would you let me carry on the discussion on the assumption that you knew it well; would you, even, in answer to a direct question, say shamefacedly that though you had not — er — actually read it, you — er — knew about it, of course, and had — er — read extracts from it? Somehow I think that I could lead you on to this; perhaps even make you say that you had always meant to get it from your library, before I told you the horrid truth that Ommany's *Approximations* was an invention of my own.

It is absurd that we (I say 'we,' for I include you now), should behave like this, for there is no book over which we need be ashamed, either to have read it or not to have read it. Let us, therefore, be frank. In order to remove the unfortunate impression of myself which I have given you, I will confess that I have only read three of Scott's novels, and begun, but never finished, two of Henry James's. I will also confess — and here I am by way of restoring that unfortunate impression — that I do quite well in Scottish and Jacobean circles on those fine books. For, if a question arises as to which is Scott's masterpiece, it is easy for me to suggest one of my three, with the air of one who has chosen it, not over two others, but over twenty. Perhaps one of my three is the acknowledged masterpiece; I do not know. If it is, then, of course, all is well. But if it is not, then I must appear rather a clever fellow for having rejected the obvious. With regard to Henry James, my position is not quite so secure; but at least I have good reason for feeling that the two novels which I was unable to finish cannot be his best, and with a little tact I can appear to be defending this opinion hotly against some imaginary authority who has declared in favor of them. One might have read the collected works of both authors, yet make less of an impression.

Indeed, sometimes I feel that I *have* read their collected works, and Ommany's *Approximations*, and many other books with which you would be only too glad to assume familiarity. For in giving others the impression that I am on terms with these masterpieces, I have but handed on an impression which has gradually formed itself in my own mind. So I take no advantage of them; and if it appears afterwards that we have been deceived together, I shall be at least as surprised and indignant about it as they.

The Outlook

SCOTTISH LITERATURE

BY W. L. COURTNEY

THERE are two moods in Scottish literature,— so Mr. G. Gregory Smith tells us in his interesting book on the subject,— and these moods are, superficially at all events, contradictory. One is akin to what we call Realism; the other is due to a Celtic strain of vague and picturesque mystery. The Scottish writer is fond of detail, and in order that a picture may be complete,

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he wants each item to be described; yet at the same time another mood not infrequently besets him, in which he indulges in *diablerie* of many kinds, treating subjects like witches and warlocks and fantastic visions and superstitious legends with a freakiness which is wholly his own.

Mr. Gregory Smith will not allow us to say that a temperament of this kind is a Celtic heritage, for he does not accept, apparently, Matthew Arnold's views on Celtic influence; but, wherever it comes from, it belongs indubitably to most Scottish writers, and by no means least to Sir James Barrie, who is, I suppose, the most representative Scottish writer now living. We need not go far for illustrations. They abound in *Peter Pan* and *What Every Woman Knows*, in *Little Mary* and *Dear Brutus*.

But the same thing holds true also of R. L. Stevenson. The prevalence of so strong a tendency to the fantastic sometimes makes and sometimes mars his stories. *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is mainly a study in mystical psychology, which suggests too serious a moral to be altogether fantastic. But to take one of the most successful of his short stories, *Markheim*, is at once gruesome and fantastic; *The Suicide Club* is full of *diablerie;* while who knows whether Stevenson could have attained such a wonderful success in *Treasure Island* —a success in a literary kind the secret of which seemed to have been lost — if he had not inherited some of the dark superstition, as well as the bravado, of the old buccaneers? At all events, as Henley said, he had 'a deal of Ariel' in his composition.

As to the other side of Scottish genius, its love of detail, ample evidence is furnished by Sir Walter Scott. There are places in the *Waverley Novels*, Mr. Gregory Smith reminds us, where the description leaves nothing to the imagination. Perhaps that is inevitable in the case of historical romances, full of antiquarian minutiæ, but the effect is not always happy, because it suggests an inventory rather than a picture. But in the poems, and especially perhaps in *Marmion*, we get better results, for Scott is too much of an artist to allow his description to degenerate into mere enumeration of details. If we want to see this 'riot of minutiæ' at its worst, we have to turn to Thomson's 'Summer.'

> Swarming they pour, green, speckled, yellow, grey,
> Black, azure, brown, more than the assisted eye
> Of poring virtuoso can discern.

The 'poring virtuoso' was apparently too much for Thomson in his saner moods, for in a later edition he altered the lines. Even in the lyrics of Burns we get the same tendency, in 'Hallowe'en,' for instance, and in the opening lines of 'Tam o' Shanter.' In the greater artists we are not conscious of this realism, if, indeed, that is the proper term to apply to it; for the sense of movement, the rush of the images and thoughts, carry us away. There is always movement in Scott and Burns, stirring our nerves, filling us with exhilaration, making our pulses dance to the galloping tune of the poet.

Other points also distinguish Scottish literature, and our author is quick to recognize them. 'The love of detail,' he remarks, 'never made for constructive strength'; and it is not difficult to discover that some of our neighbors over the border are hardly successful in building up a complete and complex literary structure. Stevenson seems to have found it by no means easy to sustain a plot; he does not tell a story with the consummate ease of a Defoe or a Fielding. Sir James Barrie, again, is better in a one-act play than in a three-decker — indeed, his first

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acts are generally more successful than their sequels. Mr. Gregory Smith also cites the case of Andrew Lang, who failed notoriously when he essayed romance. To be a master of episode is a disqualification for plot construction, and if you have too observant an eye for detail, you may do fatal injury to the general picture and to the momentum of the narrative. And how comes it that the average Scot is so chary of his love making, refusing to tell a love story with elaboration? And that he moves with more ease in the portrayal of masculine character than of female? Scott is, of course, an exception, with his Jeanie Deans, his Meg Merrilees, and his Madge Wildfire. But what of Stevenson, despite his Catriona? About Barrie our author makes this characteristic remark: 'If Sir James Barrie knows what every woman knows, or what some men think about them, he is rather unwilling to share his secrets!'

To me the most interesting portions of Mr. Gregory Smith's book are to be found in the last five chapters, dealing mainly with the influence of Scottish literature as exerted on others. The author traces briefly a number of movements, the wonderful celebrity obtained by Macpherson in the Ossianic Literature, for instance, and the curious misapprehension as to its merits entertained abroad, and especially in Germany. And there is another and quite different subject — the rise of literary reviews, the *Edinburgh*, of course, in the first rank, accompanied by the *Quarterly*, and then *Blackwood's Magazine*. The real importance that ought to be attributed to these reviews does not lie in the value of their criticism, because Jeffrey and his tribe frequently went wrong, but in the influence which they exerted on literature and the stirring up of public opinion in its favor. It came as a shock and a surprise to that generation to read articles so spirited, so daring, so combative as those which are enshrined in the earlier pages of the review. And it must be added, of course, that the best pens of the time were engaged in writing for these reviews; a proof, if proof were needed, how seriously the whole business of literature was undertaken by Scott and his contemporaries. Scott rarely wrote so well as he did for the *Quarterly*.

Mr. Gregory Smith's chapter on Burns is one of the most successful in his volume. Perhaps no one but a Scotsman ought to be allowed to criticize Robbie Burns, partly because the dialect is a sore stumbling-block to English readers, partly because the personality of the man is better understood north of the Tweed. We are told in these pages that there are at least three Burnses. There is the popular idol, honored in Scotland, and in January celebrations, and wherever Scots gather together, as no poet has been honored in human history. Then there is the Burns of a wider appeal, born in an age of revolution, and yet no revolutionary, a friend of humanity in the best sense of that ambiguous term, a man who voices the instincts of the common race, and not merely those of his own countrymen. But the third Burns is the one who matters most to the history of literature. This is the artist, the lyrical poet, full of grace, and sweetness, and tremendous vigor; the guardian of a literary tradition which came down to him from early times, and also its re-creator in newer and better forms. As we know, a great deal of Burns's work was to take up and incorporate the floating mass of Scottish folk song, to edit it anew, to give it new forms of beauty. This, of course, does not take away from such credit as belongs to him as an original artist. But it affords fresh proof of

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that sure literary instinct which he possessed, and which amounts to an almost impeccable judgment. The best example is, perhaps, the most familiar. It is well known that Burns recast the poem called 'Auld Lang Syne.' Here is its earlier form:

Should old acquaintance be forgot
And never thought upon
The Flames of Love extinguished,
And freely past and gone?

Then comes a transformation by Ramsay:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Tho' they return with scars?
These are the noble hero's lot,
Obtain'd in glorious wars.

And now, on these foundations, Burns builds his first stanzas:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And auld lang syne?

We twa ha'e run about the braes
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot.
Sin' auld lang syne.

We have had too much of the holding up of Burns as a moral example of the defects of the artistic temperament. It is preferable to consider him as a poet pure and simple, to compare him with those who in other literatures were occupied with much the same task — with Horace and Catullus, with Ramsay and Fergusson, with Prior and Herrick, and a host of lyricists besides. He holds his own among them all, because he is a sheer artist, who has attained that final grace of all art work — absolute simplicity of feeling and expression. The 'Address to the De'il,' 'Hallowe'en,' 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' 'To a Mouse,' 'To a Daisy,' 'Tam o' Shanter'— these are difficult to excel in any literature, and establish, without demur or cavil, Burns's position in our literary annals as a consummate genius.

The Telegraph

SCIENCE AND INTERNATIONALISM

The first recorded attempt to abolish frontiers and nationalities is chronicled in the story of Babel. All the people in the world came together and conspired to bring in the millennium. The Hebrew chronicler, obviously an ardent nationalist, is struck primarily by the impiety of this proceeding. It was against nature and inherently doomed to failure. The collected peoples suddenly realized that they could not understand one another and the enterprise was abandoned. It is interesting to observe that one of the reasons which determined the primitive Deity of the fable to bring about this disaster was that He feared that, should the experiment succeed, there was nothing man might not ultimately do. He might actually reach the seventh heaven.

Babel remains, a lonely monument in Mesopotamia, as a witness to the incorrigible hopefulness of man in the face of repeated disappointments. Augustus and his successors almost accomplished the task which had proved too much for the aspiring architects of the Middle East. At one time it looked as though everyone would some day speak Latin and live within the shelter of the *pax Romana*. But the Empire was destroyed and there were nations again in Europe. Nevertheless, men were still haunted with memories of the ancient Tower. The Roman Empire became, or tried to become, the Holy Roman Empire; and only after several centuries was Europe slowly driven to realize that blood was thicker than holy water. Scarcely was the failure of the mediæval conception of a world community accorded a place in the histories, when men were singing the *internationale* to a different tune (secular in place of sacred); and to-day

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they are looking as hopefully toward Geneva (where Sir Eric Drummond will entertain humanity at £10,000 a year) as the Semites once looked toward Babel.

Are the chances any better now than they were ten thousand years ago? Englishmen have recently died in hundreds of thousands for England and Frenchmen for France. The Americans, who claim that they wanted to die only for humanity, even more recently went wild with delight, because an American, not an Englishman or a Frenchman, flew from the United States to the Azores. A piece conference sits in Paris declaring that all the national questions in the world will be settled according to right and justice, but meanwhile the Poles fight the Ukrainians, and on adequate national grounds people continue to be killed in Smyrna, Cairo, Finland, Russia, and Galicia. The League of Nations has been proclaimed, and so far the only result has been to turn the great war into a number of little wars with a prospect of more wars to follow. The forces which make for cosmopolitanism are, if anything, weaker to-day than they were in the days of Gregory the Great. Nationalism is everywhere stronger, and the influences which soften and moderate nationalism are less well-organized and of an inferior quality. The European nations once had a common tongue (so far as the educated classes were concerned) and a common religion. A man might travel from London to Rome and be welcomed everywhere in the same kind of monastery and find everywhere men who belonged to an organization which penetrated every class of every community in Christendom. We do not regard the cosmopolitanism of a modern first-class European hotel as an adequate exchange for the cosmopolitanism of Cluny, and we do not expect Esperanto to succeed, where the language of Erasmus failed. Rheims expressed an international motive considerably more powerful than that exhibited by the Eiffel Tower.

What, in effect, are the main motives of internationalism? Finance and commerce are international, but these motives are as old as the nations. They have made many wars and prevented none. Religion is international, but this is almost a negligible motive in modern European politics. Art is international in the sense that an Englishman and a German listening to the Ninth Symphony are more in accord than an Englishman and a Frenchman discussing reparation for damage caused by the war. But art was considerably more powerful as a cosmopolitan motive when the great cathedrals were built than it is to-day. The Jugo-Slavs do not dislike the Austrians less because they have learned how to paint in Vienna and the Czecho-Slovaks will not be kinder to the Germans of Bohemia, because German audiences in Munich hear with delight the music of Smetana.

There remains the most powerful of all cosmopolitan influences to-day — the only influence which is, perhaps, more powerful to-day than it has ever been in the history of the world, the influence of international science. The intellectual energies of mankind, so far as they are consistently directed to-day toward any general international achievement, are directed toward perfecting our control of the resources of nature. The monasteries of to-day are the laboratories and workshops of the chemist and the engineer, the physician and the mechanic. Perhaps one of the most significant paragraphs in the Treaty of Peace with Germany, is that which requires the Germans to receive the aircraft of the Allied na-

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tions in German aerodromes. It is the one undeniably international feature in the document. Its significance was borne in upon us the other day, as we sat in the small hut of a flying-ground not far from Paris. Some three hours previously we had sat in a similar hut not far from London. There was really nothing to show that two natural frontiers had been crossed. The languages were the same (French, English, and American). The subject of conversation was the same, flying in all its aspects. The scene was the same, a large open space with aeroplanes of all shapes and sizes. The old sensation of being in a foreign land, due to the formalities and delays inseparable from custom houses and porters and proceeding from trains to steamers and from steamers to trains, simply did not exist. Two American pilots had made a forced landing and internationally were trespassers. But our English friends knew all about their machine and plunged at once into technicalities. Here, in the concrete, was an instance of the international power of science. In a few years aeroplanes will be flying from end to end of Europe, all obeying the same rules, observing the same code, meeting with the same kind of welcome and assistance, whether they be registered in London, Paris, Prague, or Berlin.

Nevertheless, we have no disposition to exaggerate the importance of this apparently modern development of internationalism. Science as an international force has always existed; but so far, it has usually meant that the men of all nations are ready to unite in order to discover how more effectively to compete with one another. The march of science and the advance of material progress did not prevent the great war, but only added to its horrors when it came. When Prometheus brought down fire from heaven, it was doubtless prophesied that men would no longer fight one another, but would henceforth all be found warming themselves amicably by the comfortable beacons of a new civilization.

We do not think there will be another great war for some time to come. But we do not base this hope on the League of Nations, still less upon the Treaty of Peace forged by the Paris Conference, but upon the fact that this generation has seen war close at hand. It has eaten its fill of horrors, and has already destroyed so much of its inherited wealth that ruin stares it in the face, unless an end is made for many years of the worst forms of unproductive expenditure. The nations will be international, not because they desire to be so, but because they must.

The Saturday Review

DANILO RETURNS FROM EXILE

BY FRANCESCA M. WILSON

Our transport left Bizerta on January 31. It was a small transport — only one hundred soldiers and one or two officers, among them a colonel, his wife, and two children, and myself. Our boat was a merchant ship taking oats for French cavalry horses in Dalmatia; there was no real accommodation for passengers, but we strewed ourselves somewhere and usually found shelter of a sort. A transport vessel or a hospital ship would have been more comfortable no doubt, but it was more in the picture, more Odyssean altogether for exiles to return to their country in a rough-and-ready craft without modern equipment. For those habitually sick on the sea there was perhaps little consolation in this reflection, but for me who am not of their society, there was something to

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I got out of it. It was such a homely ship. The gale might be blowing forty knots an hour, the sea might be flashing with magenta lightning, and the boat trembling with the shock of thunder, but still one could always hear the Colonel's dog barking, the ship-mate's pigs grunting, the baby crying — there was a motherless two-year-old being carried to his grandmother in Serbia by a soldier — and the note of a fiddle that a gypsy soldier played in the intervals of seasickness. And the ship was so small, that the gales could never quite bear away the friendly odor of soup and the evening's roast. There was nothing lonely in the storm. What bland arrogance it seemed. The Phœnicians had steered their craft over those same seas — with ropes and canvas and a hollowed trunk they had made themselves merry with the elements and were at home as we were. The Serbs unused to the ocean could not but reflect on these things with astonishment; and with pride, too, since at last the time has come for them to enter the order of those who subdue the sea to their human purposes.

The first sight of land was a procession of mountains — dark and wild and cloud-shrouded, the Balkans at last and the true Balkans of the imagination. We coasted up Albania (very beautiful in spite of its sinister sound), and came to the Dalmatian coast where we waited for the mythical Ragusa. It grew more mythical as we neared the coast. It was hard to believe that anything but a fishing hamlet could have maintained itself on such an inhospitable shore; and yet there was Ragusa right enough, built on the rocks that jut out into the sea, and climbing up the steep cliffs behind — cliffs on which by some miracle of warm winds and shelter there were orange trees and palms and aloes. It was a wonderful little place — compact with its steep town walls — as perfect and complete as an expensive toy. I wandered over its tesselated pavements and up and down its maze of little streets and every now and then I fell by chance into a church, or still more happily into the courtyard of a monastery — places where the peace and beauty of a remote age were still enchaliced. Very little of the really ancient city exists as it was destroyed by an earthquake in the seventeenth century, yet nothing in it jars with modernity. Everything in it is harmonious — everything in it belongs to Ragusa: Ragusa which has something of the East in it and something of the West and yet is Ragusa and unlike anything else in the world. It is a brave little city, and when I am disillusioned with the Serbian race — and that may happen frequently — I shall remember that they made Ragusa or Dubrovnik as they call it in their speech. Here they kept the lamp of culture burning not only through the Middle Ages, but in the centuries that followed when all the rest of the Balkan Peninsula was hid in the night of Turkish rule. Ragusa was the one watch fire that was never extinguished. Here laws and literature were made and an independent republic maintained right up to the tenth century when the Austrians got hold of it.

All sorts of people were wandering up and down the steep streets of Ragusa when we joined them — French troops in charge and English and American sailors and Serbs en route for home from all the quarters of Europe where their exile had thrown them. At the harbor a haggard band of Bulgar prisoners was working in a faint-hearted fashion and everywhere was the native Dalmatian soldier, still in the gray-green uniform of bondage, but a Serb in speech and heart. There was a light-hearted feeling in the town.

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After a century of enslavement it had got back its ancient birthright and was free. Of course it was free, let the Italians clamor as they will. The air that blows up through its streets tastes of freedom and the sea trumpets freedom at its gates.

It is an upside-down arrangement to know a people first of all in exile and afterwards in their own country, but it has its charms. There was a peculiar pleasure in seeing live men come into market in the richly ornamented Dalmatian costume which so far I had only seen on the dolls which our women dressed in the workrooms in Corsica — in finding, too, that old peasants walked about quite nonchalantly with bags bright with the purest Serbian patterns and everybody was slipping over the mud in the *opankas* which one had been inclined to consider too pretty and romantic to be useful, in spite of all assurances. All through the journey from Ragusa to Belgrade I had a series of these pangs. At the station there were first of all the Herzegovinian peasants and then the Bosnian—always as perfect as the dolls, though rather more worn, and everywhere were the narrow carts with open woodwork just like the models our one-armed Obrad used to make at Ben Negro.

It was a terrible journey as far as sheer discomfort went, but the interest of it kept one going. Our little train had carried thousands of Austrian troops throughout the war and the windows and the doors were all broken, and as we climbed higher up the bladeless rocks of Herzegovina and got farther and farther away from the tempering breezes of the seas, a fierce air began to blow into the train, freezing the water in our bottles and the thoughts in our brains; and of course there was no attempt at either heating or light. Still, the Serbs could not forget that the wind was blowing from the snows of their own country — and the first two days of the journey there were still light hearts in the train. It was almost as homely a train as the ship. At every farm (you could n't call them stations) we stopped for about half an hour, and often a peasant would turn up with a *nationale swirka;* the soldiers, at the call of this instrument which they had never heard in exile, would suddenly find their numb limbs flinging out into the measures of a *kola* — and often as I have seen the *kola* danced it has never been with such abandoned glee as these soldiers danced it on the way back to their homes after nearly four years of absence. Balkan trains are weak-kneed affairs all over, I believe, and ours was no exception. It had taken on a larger number of wagons than it could really cope with, and one night the wagon where the three 'Popes' of our transport had congregated jumped the rails, and we had to tumble out into the snow while officials with lamps rushed about wildly wondering what to do. But the Serbian Tommy, who is really very *débrouillard,* soon had found logs in a wood near by, had levered up the wagon and thrust it on to another line. The 'Popovski' wagon was then left to its own devices and we proceeded on our trek. After all, the three hours delay was not much more than we were accustomed to at the farms — I repeat I can't call them stations.

All nights had to be spent in the train. At Brod we changed and had the variety of continuing our voyage in cattle-wagons. These were so vast that one might as well have been out of doors for chilliness, but we had the advantage that one could walk about and stretch one's limbs; and the men soon stole wood from passing trucks and made a fire. The smoke was bitter

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in the nostrils but the heat was a recompense for all such suffering. Soon all sorts of strange creatures in sheepskins had climbed into our 'special,' attracted by the flames, and while I made tea for them they told their adventures.

At last on the evening of the fifth day we arrived at Semlin. This sounds Biblical, but there is something Biblical in the return of exiles so that is all right. It must always be an epic whether it is Jews going back from Babylon or Odysseus returning to Ithaca, or the Serbs going back to the country which they have lost and gained again. But, alas, at Semlin this epic quality was entirely lost.

It is a terrible place to arrive at with the temperature of sixteen degrees below zero centigrade, even if it is with returning heroes. Immediately you feel the bitterness of devastation, for the first work of the Austrians was of course to destroy the bridge over the Save, and you are now dependent on the irregular ferry to take you into Belgrade. Hungry-looking people with the Bolshevik air crowd round you at Semlin, refusing to carry your traps, but at last you get on to the boats — leaving most of your luggage behind you, probably for a more auspicious occasion.

On the boat I began to make inquiries as to the possibilities of hotels, for it was quite dark by this and too late for sledges; I had no notion where our mission had hung up its sign. The answers were discouraging. The hotels were not yet in swing and it might be very hard to get a room. It was then that a little man with a pointed beard stepped forward,— a gnome-like creature, wizened with care and slender through underfeeding,— from his civilian dress and his appearance evidently a *tchinevnik* (a civil servant).

He told me that his name was Danilo Somethinglivitch, that he was coming back to his home after four and a half years' exile, that he had a great respect for the British whose work for the Serbs he had seen in Corsica, and that he would like to take me to sleep with his *punitza*. I did n't know at all what a *punitza* was; it sounded to me like some sort of a little animal; but as I was homeless and Danilo was so very kind, I told him that I should love to sleep with his *punitza*. When we arrived at the quay, I went along dark snow-laden streets with Danilo, carrying my bag and his, for he had a heavy box, poor soul, with all his possessions in it and all his loot from foreign countries. At last we came to a door and Danilo opening it discovered a narrow alley and some old tumbledown houses on each side of it. He struck a match and we went up an outside staircase and along a corridor that was spacious and pleasant in spite of its poverty. Then Danilo tapped at a little door and a shaky, tired voice from inside asked 'Who is there?' 'A friend,' replied my guide with a firm ring in his voice. 'But what friend — who?' the voice was still intimidated. 'A friend — Danilo. Don't you know my voice?' 'But what — not my Danilo?' the voice trembled on a high note, half of hope and half of fear. Then the door opened and a little old woman came out and fell on her Danilo's neck. It was the *punitza* and she was the mother of Danilo's wife; for *punitza*, it appears, is the Serbian for their relationship.

Then the *punitza* had to be told about the lost Engleskina in need of her hospitality and though she was in bed when we arrived (because to be in bed saves light and fire and these are still scarce and dear in the towns of Serbia) still it was not more than half an hour before she had got fires lit for us and a meal cooked — macaroni and

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fried pig and tea. And all the time she was telling her son-in-law the history of all the years of the occupation — poor soul, it was a short story. 'It was all tears,' she said, 'and we never thought they'd go — never, never. But never mind, my son was the first to enter Belgrade,' and she showed me a picture of an officer with an embroidered *peshkir* round it to make it more sacred.

There was more to hear than to tell — how the daughter had always suffered since Albania, but how Zorka — her grandchild of fifteen — was filling out and becoming a stout and handsome maiden with all sorts of foreign languages on her lips. Danilo had come in advance to prepare his home for his family. Then he had to learn that his house was bare; that the Austrians had n't left a stick, and worst of all had carried off all his books. The sadness of this certainty made him look a little more wizened, a little more gnome-like than before, but it did not make him forget his courtesy to me.

He refused to let his troubles preoccupy him and with admirable self-control insisted on making polite conversation with me throughout the meal. Then I was offered a sofa, and far more than my share of wraps. Danilo and the *punitza* retired, too, but I imagined neither of them to sleep. The tired little old woman must have been much too happy to sleep; as for Danilo the disenchantment of arrival must have kept slumber from him. Ah! it has a fine sound — an exile's return — but when the exile is no longer young and he comes to find his home looted, his little gods all gone, and life to begin over again, he needs a brave heart; and the first night he can hardly hope for rest.

The next day I left my friends and soon tracked down the little flat where the S.R.F. had installed itself.

THE BERLIN REVOLUTION OF 1848: A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE

BY ROSE WEIGALL

When I was seven years old my father was appointed English Minister in Berlin and we went to Germany. This was in 1842. We went first to Cologne, where there was a great gathering of princes and people for the reopening of Cologne Cathedral after the restoration by King Frederick William IV of Prussia, the elder brother of the future emperor. King Frederick William was a very different type from the military caste who have since ruled Prussia — an idealist, a dreamer, artistic, literary, and essentially *un*-military. Germany was all split up into a collection of small states. United Germany was a dream of advanced Liberal Professors and Democrats, whose name was in those days considered synonymous with Jacobins and cut-throats, like the first Terrorists of the French Revolution. Berlin itself was practically little more than a provincial city, but under the influence of the King it possessed a very intellectual society — art, music, and literature were all fostered there, and life went on quietly and pleasantly enough. I was too young, of course, to know anything of what was going on, and only remember of this now what I have been told in later years by my mother.

My parents belonged to the generation which had witnessed the Napoleonic Wars, and had themselves in their youth known many of those who had witnessed and endured the horrors of the Terror of the French Revolution. The present generation, when they talk of the narrowness and intolerance of the Tory régime then in force, forget that the Tories were still under the

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impression of the horrors of that awful upheaval, and it seems quite possible that one hundred years hence the advanced and enlightened classes will wonder at the intolerance of the people who will now have nothing to do with Germany!

In 1848 came the Revolution of March, following on the Paris Revolution of February. The Paris news had naturally caused very great excitement in all diplomatic circles and nothing else was talked of, so even children like myself (I was then thirteen) had an idea that extraordinary things were happening, and we began to hear of rows in different parts of the town in the evenings, but no particular importance was attached to them, and life went on as usual. Saturday, March 18, was a most beautiful spring day, and I and my governess went shopping in the town. There were a good many people about in Unter den Linden, but not more than might have been expected on such a fine day. We turned up the Friedrichstrasse, and when we had gone a little way we saw a great crowd in the middle of the street surrounding a couple of carts and a cab, which they were proceeding to upset. My governess, a young girl herself, got rather scared and wondered what it was. I had heard descriptions of barricades being built in Paris (illustrated papers did not exist then, but my mother had read out the descriptions of the Paris Revolution in the English papers), and I said: 'They are building a barricade,' and at the same moment a man ran past, saying '*Nun geht los!*' ('Now the row is beginning!'), and we turned up the Mohranstrasse and made our way homeward as quickly as we could. We passed a good many odd-looking men, resembling Frenchmen and Poles, as well as a lot of students, who seemed to be all hurrying in the direction of the palace. We got home without further trouble. Our house was at the corner of two streets, and a barricade was being built across the corner right under my window. Just as we got in my father drew up in the 'cab' (the fashionable vehicle of these days) in which he drove himself. The crowd recognized him, were very civil to him, and cleared a bit of the barricade to let his carriage through to get round to the stables. My mother, who had been out dining, had got home just before, very much alarmed because she had heard that there was fighting in the Friedrichstrasse, and knew that I had been going there. We watched from our windows the barricade being finished and manned by a motley set of people. After some time a battalion of soldiers marched up the street; a shot was fired from an opposite window, and they immediately replied with a volley of musketry. We were hurried to the back of the house to be out of the way of stray shots. As a matter of fact our house was not touched, though the opposite one from which the first shot had come was riddled with bullets. The rest of the evening was very noisy. Rifle shots on all sides, shouts, the clanging of the 'tocsin' from all the church bells made a frightful din until well on in the night, till the King's orders for the soldiers to be withdrawn everywhere brought the fighting to an end, but left the town at the mercy of the mob. The most unpopular man with them at that moment was the Prince of Prussia (later the Emperor William I), who was generally supposed to be the incarnation of reaction and the military spirit, and he fled.

Early in the morning of Sunday there was excitement in our house, and we heard when the schoolroom breakfast came up that the Prince of Prussia was downstairs; he had come to our house to get a passport to England

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under an assumed name and to make arrangements for his journey. The Princess and her children had taken refuge at Potsdam, and none too soon, for in the course of the day their palace was taken possession of by the people. No damage was done to it, but a placard was hung out calling it '*National Eigentum*' (National Property). Later in the morning Prince Frederick Charles (known in 1870 as the Red Prince), then quite a young man, came in and cried with rage at the King having capitulated to the mob and sent the soldiers away. Things became more outwardly quiet as the day wore on. The barricade was cleared away. There were, however, still crowds about, and little processions of students and loafers hung about with flags and singing patriotic songs, and a cart passed heaped up with straw covering dead bodies of some of the victims of the fight, on its way to join in the procession to the palace, where the King and Queen were compelled to come out on the balcony and salute this funeral procession.

In the afternoon when things had quieted down, we went out, and saw some of the damage done. In the Brestestrasse, especially near the palace, many houses had been peppered, and a cannon ball had lodged in an old pump and was a source of curiosity.

Although things had quieted down outwardly for the moment, for the next six months the town was practically given over to mob law, and a very uncomfortable time followed for ordinary people. The soldiers having gone, and there being at that time no organized street police of any kind, a National Guard was established to keep order, but it was very little more than a farce. It is strange now to realize that in 1848 there was so little military spirit implanted in the Berliners that they were wholly unable to organize anything approaching a disciplined force among themselves. All kinds of unadventurous, peaceful citizens formed the National Guard through sheer terror — shouldered rifles and mounted guard, but under most ludicrous conditions.

England was very popular with the mob at that time, and it was supposed to be the home of Liberty, which opened its doors to all refugees, and so our house was well treated and provided with sentries to protect the Union Jack, which had been hastily manufactured in the house and hoisted. These sentries were a constant source of amusement, especially one gentleman, whose wife came on a very rainy day to bring his dinner to him while on sentry-go, provided with a stool for him to sit on, and an umbrella to hold over him! Another day the sentry was the principal male ballet dancer at the opera!

All this was funny enough, but other things were not so funny. There were constant street rows, fights, pillage of shops, and what were called *Krawalls*— that is, political meetings in the streets and parks, which ended in fights and general rowdyism. On these occasions the windows of any specially well-kept house were broken; a smart carriage venturing into the street would be subject to jeers and insults, and on the hottest summer nights it was dangerous to leave the windows open in any room that was lighted up or showed any signs of luxury. Expensive shops were all closed and the trade of the town was practically at a standstill. It was not considered safe for women and children to be about the streets, and I and my governess, and other children, had to be content to remain in our gardens. We had no garden of our own, but I used to get into our neighbor's, the painter Hensel, whose wife was the sister of Mendelssohn, who

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had died the previous year (her name is well known in connection with her brother, and she is supposed to have written some of the *Songs without Words* published under his name).

This state of unrest went on all through the summer, but my mother was away for a time with me. We returned in October, just when the news had come of the disturbance in Vienna, the murder of the War Minister there, the siege of Vienna, and the final surrender of the revolutionary party. Though there was no violent outbreak in Berlin like that in Vienna, everything was so disorganized, the people were so thoroughly tired of mob law and the paralysis of daily life, that it was felt something must be done.

The King, with the rest of the Royal Family (including the Prince of Prussia, who had returned after some months spent in England) were all living at Potsdam, and he was at last persuaded to take strong measures to put down this state of anarchy. On November 9 the soldiers returned to Berlin, marched to the National Assembly and cleared it out, and the 'revolution' was over, to the joy of all law-abiding and orderly people. I distinctly remember seeing the soldiers march in through the Brandenburg Gate, from a window overlooking the place. They were received with immense enthusiasm — almost like, in a smaller degree, the descriptions one reads now of the way in which our soldiers are received in the French towns. Their leader was an old General Wrangel, who was afterward a very well-known figure in Berlin, riding about on a white charger, and it used to be said of him that when he was prancing about on that horse he never could quite make up his mind whether he was Francini (a celebrated circus rider) or the Emperor Napoleon! But he was a fine soldier and a kindly old man, and immensely popular with the people.

This ended the outward signs of revolution. The political conflicts went on, but daily life returned to its normal conditions.

The Spectator

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'AROLD, NEW STYLE

BY A. NEIL LYONS

My name is Arthur Clapshaw Baffin, and it is probably familiar to the reader. I am the author of those drawings, in line and wash, which appear so often in the pages of certain illustrated weekly journals. The signature 'Baffin,' or, sometimes, 'Baff,' at the foot of a drawing is a guaranty that you are sure to laugh at it; for it is very, very seldom that I present a joke which is not immediately recognizable as such.

There is no doubt that my artistic career has prospered, although I am still under forty years of age. When, last year, I was interviewed by *Gamage's Weekly*, in connection with a 'symposium' which they were publishing under the title of 'Why I Have Got On,' I attributed my success to having shown a strict regard for tradition and formula. If I draw a picture of a comic hypocrite, everybody knows that I *have* drawn a picture of a comic hypocrite, because the picture which I draw embodies the universal conception of what a comic hypocrite ought to look like.

Thus, a hypocrite is confidently expected to look religious, so I always put my hypocrite into a black coat. I aim at presenting the common idea of a Nonconformist clergyman, and I dress him in 'Jemima' boots, white gloves, very short sleeves, and a top hat with a sash round it. The gloves, of course, are much too long in the fingers, and are wrinkled round the wrist. I have never seen a Nonconformist clergyman who wore these gloves, or 'Jemima' boots, or an undertaker's hat, or who, indeed, resembled even remotely the extraordinary figure which I am paid to depict. But people love me for drawing these diagrams, so I draw them. The populace grasps my meaning instantly, exclaiming, 'Good old Stiggins!' and performing winks and stomach laughs.

This is all I propose to say about my 'Art.' I feel I have done well in mentioning the subject, however, because, although I am a novice in literature, I have read much, and I know that the principal duty of a story teller is to tell the reader about himself. I may, indeed I ought to, add one other fact to the biographical notes already offered. I forgot to state that my humorous hypocrite is now a creature of the past.

Since the outbreak of this dreadful war, which has so utterly changed our conception of social values and which has so greatly aided the development of illustrated journalism, I have devoted myself to portraying the British soldier. These efforts at creating a standard figure of the returned soldier have been highly successful. My soldier is a stubborn, leathery individual — 'hard bitten' is, I think, the word — who exhibits a great contempt for the civil population and for the amenities of a peaceful existence. You will perhaps remember my Major Fitz-Shrapnel, who caught on wonderfully at the clubs. I showed him beguiling the tedium of ten days' leave from France by reconstructing his wife's drawing room. He had thrown all the cushions out of the window and

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had sawed up the sofa, and was seen reclining on a wooden bunk, amid a homely confusion of petrol cans and bully tins and telephone receivers.

Then there was my Cuthbert Clare, the bank clerk. The idea was that the unnatural calm prevailing in England had wrought upon his nerves and produced insomnia. I showed Cuthbert sleeping soundly on a narrow bed in the rain, while a hired boy in his garden exploded squibs to simulate the congenial stir and bustle of Flanders.

The object of these pictures, and of many similar ones, was to demonstrate to the public the truth of the belief that war has utterly destroyed the young man's taste for peace. The lesson which I wished to inculcate, or which I felt that my admirers wished me to inculcate, was that, when at last our lads return to us, they will no longer be contented with a humdrum life of ease. They will have acquired a taste for the open air, for rheumatism, for cold tea, and for all the hearty pleasures of bodily discomfort. No banks and counting houses for them! No feather beds and carpet slippers! They will demand a fuller life; the right to a shakedown on the rockery, with a waterproof sheet for covering and forked lightning and cloudbursts for companionship. Or the ice-bound North, Our Lady of the Snows and all that.

In order to secure the repose which is necessary to the rapid depiction of returned soldiers, I live under conditions of strict isolation in a remote country lane. My dwelling is a three-roomed cottage, of late the habitation of chickens, but now, by restoration, the abode of a gentleman and an example of the picturesque in architecture. And this morning I took a walk in my lane.

I had not walked far along my lane when my eye was attracted to a stretch of greensward which borders the hedgerow. Somebody had performed an unauthorized action here, having erected three arches of hazel-wood and draped them with fragments of blankets. These sticks and these blankets formed a tent at which I stared with a curious satisfaction. It was such a sly little, sleek little tent.

When the inevitable authority emerges from the womb of destiny to write a 'History of Tents and Portable Dwelling Houses throughout the Ages,' I do hope that he will not forget to mention the impromptu blanket house of Little Egypt. If he writes intelligibly about these battered relics of the pilgrim Adam, I for one will promise to subscribe to his four stout volumes. But if we are to have a mere history of striped canvas, alphabetically arranged,— B for bathing, R for refreshment, and V for viceregal, — then I am afraid that all I can do for him is to recommend his book to clergymen and schoolmasters.

While I was looking at this small, brown tent, an incident occurred. A patch of brown fabric was suddenly withdrawn from the front of the tent, and through the narrow opening which had been thus created there extruded itself a woolly, flocculent object. It was the head and hair — the sleep-tossed, tumbled hair — of a young girl.

The girl crawled out from beneath her dew-stained canopy and stood upright in the flickerless, cold glow of that October morning. She was dressed, not wisely but quite well, in a simple combination of two garments — an old flowered petticoat, terminating far short of her bare brown ankles, and a scanty whitish bodice. The bodice left her bosom and arms very bare. She stood before me, with her body arched, her arms outstretched, yawning, with a cat-like care and pleasure in the sensuous act. Her arms

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were white to the wrist, her bosom was white to the neck; beyond these points her skin was richly tanned. She was a tall, strong girl, with a deep chin, a wide mouth, a broad brow, white teeth, short top lip, large eyes, wide lids, long lashes, a firm neck, a quick brown hand, and freckles. She arched her back and stretched her arms, her eyelids all but closed, her mouth open, her strong white teeth exposed, her nostrils and her shoulders and the blue veins in her throat all dancing to some tune I could not hear.

When she had stretched her limbs and rubbed her eyes, the young girl put a lazy hand up to her hair, tugging at it harshly with a piece of comb. It set my teeth on edge to watch that crude, barbaric, ruthless act of decency. But the young girl closed her eyes and bared her teeth, and tugged and tore away, half smiling, as if she were rather pleased to be enduring pain.

Having bullied her hair into a state of order, the young woman threw her comb into the tent, and sauntered to a spot some few yards distant, upon which there stood (as I now saw for the first time) a two-wheeled push-cart. It was fitted with stumps to maintain the deck in a horizontal poise. Close to the cart an iron tripod had been erected, from which there depended an iron hook. Beneath this hook a fire of sticks and furze and touchwood had been constructed. This fire burned dimly.

The young girl, having borrowed an ash stake from the adjacent hedge, proceeded to poke the fire about. She then poked among the blankets, which were strewn about the deck of her push-cart, and produced a two-ounce packet of tea, and then she looked about her for the kettle, and, in looking about her, found me. The brown girl was evidently surprised to find me, but she did not make a show of her surprise, saying, quite lightly:

'Why, Sport! good morning! Up before yar bed's made, ain't ya?'

I pointed out to the lady that my virtue was little in excess of her own, to which she responded: 'Well, yes; but then you live in a house'— the implication being that, as a householder, I was exempt from those constabulary influences which govern the habits of travelers. The brown girl then asked me if I had seen a young man about the road.

'What sort of young man?' I asked.

'One as looks like he's been a soldier,' was her not very illuminating reply.

The only young man I had seen had the look and bearing of a rate collector, and, therefore, did not seem to conform to the particulars now circulated by the young lady. I, therefore, told her that I had not seen her young man.

'Urgh!' exclaimed the brown girl, in a tone of bitterness, speaking half to herself. 'He's gone creepin' into some house, should n't wonder.' She had found her kettle, and now she dabbed it on to the fire, resentfully.

'This young man is your husband?' I ventured to suppose.

'Not likely,' replied the girl.

I made excuses for my blunder. 'You somehow don't look as if you were traveling alone,' I explained.

'No more I ain't,' said the girl. 'This here young fellar I spoke about, he's along with me. But he ain't my husband.'

'No, no, of course not,' I murmured, trying to accept her statement in a quiet and orderly manner.

'You see,' continued the brown girl, 'I looks arter him like, and he looks arter me like. That's the way of it. 'E's a nice, 'ot-tempered chap, is 'Arold,— knock anybody down as soon as look at them,— and 'e did 'ave a

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fancy once for to 'ang up 'is 'at permanent, and I 'ad a fancy for to let 'im. But not now. Not since 'e's been a soldier. The army's spoilt him.'

'In what way?' I asked.

'In the way of 'is fancies,' replied the brown girl. 'The army's made a gentleman of 'im. A tent ain't good enough for 'Arold any longer. 'E's got a fancy now to live in a house, the same as if 'e wos a little *garjer* like yaself.'

'Garjer! What's that?' I demanded.

'A person as ain't like us,' replied the brown girl. 'One as likes indoors. One as don't get about much. A *fuggy* person. You see,' she continued, 'they got my 'Arold into the 'abit of bricks and mortar, time 'e was serving the King. They put him to sleep in barns and pigsties and cow-houses, and such. They filled 'is 'ead with swanky notions, and turned 'im against the ditch. They spoilt 'is taste for laying rough. A greenwood fire brings on 'is cough, 'e says.'

All this surprised me — this story of a soldier who had acquired a taste for indoor life. It did n't seem to correspond with my drawings. But it is the custom of life to oppose itself to art. I am familiar with that phenomenon, and I showed no emotion.

The brown girl continued her monologue: ''E says 'e got enough ditch to last *'im* — time 'e lay in the trenches. And then 'e stopped one with 'is ankle, and they sent 'im into 'orspital. That just about finished 'im orf, that did, sending him into the 'orspital. It made a regular old gal of 'im. 'Im and 'is diddy brush!'

'What's a diddy brush?'

'You may well ask,' replied the brown girl. 'It's a little thing with a bone 'andil, what he carries in his pocket. And every morning 'e dips it into water and shoves it in his mouth and juggles it about. And then 'e swallows water — *water*, mind you! — and then 'e spits it out! And 'e's full of everlasting talk about this 'orspital —'ow there was a wooden floor with hoil-cloff on it, and calico between 'is blankets; and 'ow they made 'is tea for 'im first thing of a morning, and brought it to 'is bed. And then 'e talks about the sisters. If I could get 'old of one o' them upstarted shes ——. Below! Ther's 'Arold! Good morning, sir.'

'There is no doubt,' I began 'that Harold will soon settle down again to the discomforts of civil life. Perhaps——'

'*Good morning*, sir,' repeated the brown girl, significantly. Then, as I still lingered, she added a further hint: ''Arold's 'ot-tempered, sir, and if 'e 'its you, 'e'll 'urt you.'

I went away from her, and, returning along the lane, encountered Harold, who nodded to me curtly. He was a swarthy young man, with a furtive eye; but he was dressed in dark clothes, and carried himself like a rate collector. An hour later I saw him again.

He came to my cottage door, escorting the brown girl, who was wheeling the push-cart. He wished to buy a rabbit skin, or, alternatively, to sell me one. He looked about him with a covetous eye.

'You got a nice little place, sir,' he said. 'Wooden floors, I see, and a well o' water.' He took his place beside the brown girl, and added, with a sigh, 'Some people have got it very comfortable.' He nodded to me, and trudged away.

The brown girl took up the handles of her push-cart, and followed him, looking back as she did so, and tapping her forehead and shaking her head.

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THE WRITINGS OF M. CLEMENCEAU

BY EDMUND GOSSE

In the year 1893, after a succession of events which are still remembered with emotion, M. Clemenceau fell from political eminence, not gradually or by transitions of decay, but with theatrical suddenness like that of a Lucifer 'hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky.' His enemies, rewarded beyond their extreme hopes, gazed down into the abyss and thought that they discerned his 'cadavre politique' lying motionless at the bottom. They rejoiced to believe that he would trouble them no more. He had passed the age of fifty years, and all his hopes were broken, all his ambitions shattered. They rubbed their hands together, and smiled; 'we shall hear no more of *him!*' But they did not know with what manner of man they were dealing. What though the field was lost? All was not lost:

> The unconquerable Will,
> And study of revenge, immortal hate,
> And courage never to submit or yield;
> And what is else not to be overcome?

So brilliant an array of mingled intelligence, pertinacity, vigor, and high spirits has rarely been seen united, and the possessor of these qualities was not likely to be silenced by the most formidable junta of intriguers. As a matter of fact, he turned instantly to a new sphere of action, and became the man of letters of whom we propose to speak in these pages. But for his catastrophe in 1893, it is probable that M. Clemenceau would never have become an author.

A brief summary of his early life is needed to bring the series of his published works into due relief. Georges Clemenceau was the second son of a family of six; he was born on the 28th of September, 1841, and was, therefore, a little younger than Joseph Chamberlain and Lord Morley, and a little older than Sir Charles Dilke. His birthplace was a hamlet close to the old and picturesque town of Fontenay-le-Comte, in the Vendée, where his father practised as a doctor. There can be no doubt that Benjamin Clemenceau, an old provincial 'bleu,' materialist and Jacobin, exercised a great influence on the mind of his son, who accepted, with a docility remarkable in so firm an individual, the traditions of his race and family. We are told that the elder Clemenceau 'communicated to his son his hatred of injustice, his independence, his scientific worship of facts, his refusal to bow to anything less than the verdict of experiment.' There was also a professional tradition to which young Georges Clemenceau assented. For three hundred years, without a break, his forbears had been doctors. I do not think that any of his biographers has observed the fact that Fontenay-le-Comte, though so small a place, has always been a centre of advanced scientific thought. It has produced a line of eminent physicians, for Pierre Brissot was born there in the fifteenth century, Sébastian Collin in the sixteenth, and Mathurin Brisson in the eighteenth. There can be little doubt that these facts were in the memory of the elder Clemenceau and were transmitted to his son.

Fontenay-le-Comte is on the western

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edge of the Bocage of Poitou, not to be confounded with the delicious woodland Bocage which lies south and west of Caen. The Poitou Bocage is a more limited and a more remote district, little visited by tourists, a rolling country of heather-land clustered with trees, and split up by little torrential chasms. It is often to be recognized in M. Clemenceau's sketches of landscape, and is manifestly the scene of part of his novel, *Les Plus Forts*. The natural capital of this Bocage is Nantes, lying full to the north of Fontenay, and thither the young man went at an early age to study at the Lycée. It was at the hospital at Nantes that his first introduction to medicine was made. Thence he finally departed in 1860, another *déraciné*, to fight for his fortunes in Paris. He brought little with him save a letter of introduction from his father to Etienne Arago. For five years he worked indomitably at his medical studies, refreshing his brain occasionally by brief holidays spent at his father's rough and ancient manor-house of Aubraie, in his native Bocage.

He took his degree of M.D. in 1865, and presented a thesis 'De la génération des éléments anatomiques,' which was immediately published, and which caused some stir in professional circles. It is said to contain a vigorous refutation of some of the doctrines of Auguste Comte, and in particular to deprecate a growing agnosticism among men of science. The axiom, 'Supprimer les questions, n'est pas y répondre,' is quoted from it, and again the characteristic statement, 'Nous ne sommes pas de ceux qui admettent avec l'école positiviste que la science ne peut fournir aucun renseignement sur l'énigme des choses.' The thesis dealt, moreover, according to M. Pierre Quillard, who has had the courage to unearth and to analyze it, with 'les organismes rudimentaires des néphélés, des hirudinées et glossiphonies,' subjects the very names of which are horrifying to the indolent lay reader. The young savant, shaking off the burden of his studies, escaped to London, where he appears to have made the acquaintance, through Admiral Maxse, of several Englishmen who were about to become famous in the world of politics and letters. But perhaps these friendships are of later date; as the memoirs of the mid-Victorians come more and more to light, the name of M. Clemenceau will be looked for in the record.

He went to the United States in 1866, and took an engagement as French master in a girls' school at Stamford, in Connecticut, a seaside haunt of tired New Yorkers in summer. A little later, Verlaine was under-master in a boys' school at Bournemouth. How little we guess, when we take our walks abroad, that genius, and foreign genius, too, may be lurking in the educational profession! M. Clemenceau appears to look back on Stamford with complacency; he accompanied 'dans leurs promenades les jeunes misses américaines: c'étaient de libres et délicieuses chevauchées, des excursions charmantes au long des routes ombreuses qui sillonnent les riants parages' of Long Island Sound. He declares that the happy and light-hearted years at Stamford were those in which his temperament 'acheva de se fortifier et de s'affiner.' It was in the course of one of the 'suaves équipées' that he ventured to propose to one of the young American 'misses.' This was Miss Mary Plummer, whom he married after a preliminary visit to France.

For the next quarter of a century Clemenceau was exclusively occupied with politics. In 1870 he was settled in Montmartre, in a circle of workmen and little employees whose bodily maladies he relieved, and whose souls he

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inflamed with his ardent dreams of a humanitarian paradise when once the hated Empire should fall. Suddenly the war broke out, and the Empire was shattered. The government of defense nominated Dr. Clemenceau Mayor of Montmartre, the most violent centre of revolutionary emotion, where the excesses of the Commune presently began. He represented Montmartre at Bordeaux in 1871, and in 1876 Montmartre, which had remained faithful to its doctor-mayor, sent him again to the Chamber of Deputies as its representative. This is not the occasion on which to enter into any detail with regard to the ceaseless activity which he displayed in a purely political capacity between 1870 and 1893. It is enshrined in the history of the republic, and will occupy the pens of innumerable commentators of French affairs. We can only record that in 1889, M. Clemenceau, who had refused many pressing invitations to leave Paris for Draguignan, consented to take up his election as deputy for the Provençal department.

The career of M. Clemenceau as deputy for the Var came to an end in 1893, after the explosion of the Panama scandal. On the 8th of August in that year he pronounced an apologia over his political life, an address full of dignity and fire, in which the failure of his ambition was acknowledged. His figure was never more attractive than it was at that distressing moment, when he found himself the object of almost universal public disfavor. He had, perhaps, over-estimated the vigor of his own prestige; he had browbeaten the political leaders of the day, he had stormed like a bull the china shops of the little political hucksters, he had contemptuously exposed the intrigues of the baser sort of political politician. He disdained popularity so proudly, that one of his own supporters urged him to cultivate the hatred of the crowd with a little less coquettishness. But he was a political Don Quixote, not to be held nor bound; he could but rush straight upon his own temporary discomfiture.

The means which his enemies employed to displace him were contemptible in the extreme, but their malice was easily accounted for. He had excited the deep resentment of all the supporters of General Boulanger, who accused him of being the cause of their favorite's fall, and with having betrayed him in 1888. The fanatics of the Panama scandal endeavored to prove that his newspaper, *La Justice*, had supported the schemes and accepted the checks of the egregious Cornelius Herz. The Anglophobes, who, unhappily, numbered too many of the less thinking population of France at that time, accused him of intriguing with the English Government to the detriment of the republic, and they went so far as to produce documents, forged by the notorious mulatto, Norton, which they pretended had been stolen from our embassy in Paris. 'Qu'il parle anglais,' was one accusation shouted at Clemenceau in the Chamber on the 4th of June 1888. Calamities of every sort, public and private, gathered round his undaunted head. At last he could ignore these attacks no longer, and on a fateful day he rose to put himself right before Parliament. It was too late; his appearance was greeted by an icy silence, and, as he said himself, he glanced round to see none but the hungry faces of men longing for the moment when they could trample on his corpse. Magnificent as was his defense, it availed him nothing against such a combination of malignities; even his few friends, losing courage, failed to support him. The legislative elections were at hand, and the enemies of M. Clemenceau very

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cleverly organized a press propaganda, which presented him to the French public in an absolutely odious light. He went down to address his Provençal constituents, and in the little mountain town of Salernes he delivered the remarkable speech to which reference has been made. All in vain: on the 20th of August, 1893, he was ignominiously rejected by the electors of the Var in favor of a local nonentity, and his career as a member of Parliament ended.

These circumstances, which paralyzed for many years the parliamentary activity of Clemenceau, have to be borne in mind when we examine his literary record. Without delay, in that spirit of prompt acceptance of the inevitable which has never ceased to mark his buoyant, elastic character, he threw himself into a new employment. He became, in his fifty-third year, one of the most active and persistent journalists in France. His fiery independence and his audacious vivacity pointed him out at once to editors who had the wit to cater for the better, that is to say, for the livelier, class of readers. M. Clemenceau, a free lance if ever there was one, became the terror and the delight of *Le Figaro*, *La Justice*, and *Le Journal*, while to *La Dépêche de Toulouse* he contributed articles which presupposed a wider horizon and depended less on the passion of the moment. Future bibliographers, it may be, will search the files of these and other newspapers of that day for more and more numerous examples of his fecundity, since he embraced all subjects in what he called the huge forest of social existence. An exhibition of pictures, a new novel, an accident in the suburbs, a definition of God by M. Jules Simon, a joke by M. Francis Maynard, the effect of champagne upon labor unrest, the architecture of Chicago — nothing came amiss to the pen of a man whose curiosity about life was boundless, and whose facility in expression was volcanic.

But there was a certain group of subjects which, at this critical hour in his career, particularly attracted the attention of M. Clemenceau, and these give a special color to the earliest, and perhaps the most remarkable, collection of his essays. A student of the temperament of the great statesman, as he has since then so preëminently shown himself to be, is bound to give his mind to the volume called *La Mêlée Sociale* which M. Clemenceau published in 1895. This was practically his earliest bid for purely literary distinction, since the juvenile theses on anatomical subjects, and the translations from John Stuart Mill, hardly come within the category of literature. Between 1876 and 1885 M. Clemenceau had printed, or had permitted to be circulated, a certain number of his speeches in the Chamber; I have traced eight of these in the catalogue of M. Le Blond. These formed a very small fraction of his abundant eloquence in Parliament, and they were not particularly finished as specimens of lettered oratory. But between 1885 and 1895 we do not find even such slender evidences as these of the politician's desire to pose as an author. The publication of *La Mêlée Sociale*, therefore, was, to speak practically, an experiment; it was the challenge of a new writer, or at least of a publicist who had never before competed with the recognized creators of books.

It is obvious that in making this experiment M. Clemenceau exercised a great deal of care and forethought. The articles reprinted are not presented haphazard, nor without an evident intention of producing the best effect possible. They are selected on a peculiar system from the mass of the

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journalist's miscellaneous output. The collection has a central idea, and this is developed in a very remarkable preface, which remains one of the author's most philosophical and most elaborate compositions. This central idea is the tragical one of the great vital conflict which pervades the world, has always pervaded it, and must ever remain unaffected by the superficial improvements of civilization. All through the universe the various living organisms are in a condition of ceaseless contest. Everywhere something conquers something else which is conquered, and life sustains itself and insures its own permanence by spreading death around it. Life, in fact, depends on death for its sustaining energy, and the fiercer the passion of vitality the more vehemently flourishes the instinct of destruction.

The imagination of the author of *La Mêlée Sociale* broods upon the monstrous facts of natural history. If he traverses a woodland, he is conscious of a silent army of beasts and birds and insects, and even of trees and plants, which are waging ceaseless battle against others of their kind. If he begins to stir the soil of a meadow with his foot, he refrains with a shudder, since millions of corpses lie but just below the surface of the fruitful earth. He peers down into the depths of the sea, only to recognize that a prodigious and unflagging massacre of living forms is necessary to keep the ocean habitable for those who survive. Everywhere, throughout the universe, he finds carnage triumphant; and eternal warfare is the symbol of the instinct of self-preservation.

It will be seen that the new author approached literature definitely from the scientific side, but also that he placed himself almost exclusively under the direction of English minds. M. Clemenceau, in that intense and unceasing contemplation of life which has been his most remarkable characteristic, has always been inspired by English models. In his early youth he was deeply impressed with the teaching of J. S. Mill, and in later years he was manifestly under the successive sway of Sir Charles Lyell and of Herbert Spencer. But by the time he collected his essays in *La Mêlée Sociale*, he was completely infatuated by the system of Darwin. He had long been familiar with *The Origin of Species* and *The Descent of Man*, the death of Darwin in 1882 had deprived him of a master and, as it seemed, a friend, while the publication of the *Life and Letters* in 1887 had given a coherency and, we may say, an atmosphere, to his conception of the illustrious English savant. When, therefore, M. Clemenceau put together the material of *La Mêlée Sociale*, he did so in the quality of an advanced Darwinian, and he produced his first book almost as a tribute of affection to the memory of the great exponent of the tragedy of natural selection. But the habit of his mind, and no doubt the conditions of his own fortunes, led him into a field more tragical than any haunted by the spirit of the placid philosopher of Down. Charles Darwin refrained from pushing his observations to such sinister conclusions as this:

> La mort, partout la mort. Les continents et les mers gémissent de l'effroyable offrande de massacre. C'est le cirque, l'immense Colysée de la Terre, où tout ce qui ne pouvait vivre que de mort, se pare de lumière et de vie pour mourir. De l'herbe à l'éléphant, pas d'autre loi que la loi du plus fort. Au nom de la même loi, le dernier né de l'évolution vivante confond tout ce qui est de vie dans une prodigieuse hécatombe offerte à la suprématie de sa race. Point de pitié. Le pouce retourné commande la mort. L'âme ingrate répudie l'antique solidarité des êtres enlacés en la chaîne des générations transformées. Le cœur dur est fermé. Tout ce qui échappe

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au carnage prémédité, voulu, s'entretue pour la gloire du grand barbare. La splendeur de la floraison de vie s'éteint dans le sang, pour en renaître, pour y sombrer encore. Et le cirque, toujours vidé, s'emplit toujours.

This passage may be taken as characteristic of the manner of M. Clemenceau in his most reflective mood, in the 'style bref, mais clair et vibrant,' which Octave Mirbeau commended. This way of writing would err on the side of rhetoric, were it not so concise and rapid, so full of the gusto of life even in its celebration of death. For, in the pages of *La Mêlée Sociale*, M. Clemenceau shows himself interpenetrated by the sorrows rather than sustained by the possibilities of the tormented inhabitants of earth. Recent events, in his own life and in the history of the French nation, had impressed on his consciousness the inherent cruelty of human beings to one another. Like Wordsworth, and with a far sharper personal pang, he had good reason to lament what man has made of man. Moreover, the months which had extended between M. Clemenceau's political fall and the publication of *La Mêlée Sociale* had been marked by violent unrest and by a succession of political crimes. Anarchism, hitherto more a theory and a threat than a practical element in the existence of the people, had taken startling prominence. In quick and formidable succession the crimes of Vaillant, of Émile Henry, of Caserio and others, had filled the minds of men with alarm and horror. These events, and the strikes in various trades with their attendant sabotage, and the unrest among the miners, and the earliest germination of that new disease of the state, syndicalism — all these and many other evidences of renewed bitterness in the struggle for life created in the mind of M. Clemenceau an obsession which is reflected in every chapter of *La Mêlée Sociale*. As a physician, no less than as a publicist he diagnosed the 'misère physiologique' of the age, and he railed against those in power who touched with the tips of their white kid gloves the maladies which were blackening the surface and substance of human society. In the memory of the attempt made last February to assassinate M. Clemenceau, a special interest attaches to his discussion of this class of murders, of which he gave a remarkably close and prolonged analysis, little conceiving, of course, that he would live to be himself the object of a crime at which the whole world would shudder.

The reader who wishes the literary aspect of M. Clemenceau's mind to be revealed to him in its greatest amenity may next be recommended to turn to the preface of the volume entitled *Le Grand Pan*, which appeared in 1896. The book itself consists of seventy little essays, reprinted from the *Figaro*, the *Echo de Paris*, and other newspapers. These have nothing or very little to do with Pan, but they are eked out and given determination by a long rhapsody in honor of the goat-foot son of Callista, treated as the symbol of natural, as opposed to supernatural, science. Everybody knows the famous passage in Plutarch which describes how Thamous, the pilot, sailing out of the Gulf of Corinth toward the Ionian Sea on the eve of the crucifixion of Christ, heard a voice announce that 'Great Pan is dead!'

> And that dismal cry rose slowly
> And sank slowly through the air,
> Full of spirit's melancholy
> And eternity's despair!
> And they heard the words it said —
> Pan is dead — Great Pan is dead —
> Pan, Pan is dead.

In a passage of rare picturesque beauty M. Clemenceau reproduces the

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animated and mysterious scene. He had himself lately returned from a visit to Greece, which had deeply stirred the sources of his sensibility. He recalled how the sun, in a transparency of pale gold, sank behind the blue mass of Ithaca, tinged with rose-color the crags of the Echinades, and bathed the mountains and the sea in the delicate enchantment of sunset. He was sensitive to the paroxysm of pleasure such an experience produces, and he conceived himself standing by the side of the grammarian, Epitherses, on board the merchant vessel, at the very moment when there sounded three times from the shore the name of Thamous, the Egyptian pilot, who answered at length, and received the mysterious command, 'When thou art opposite Palodes, announce that the great Pan is dead!' The recesses of the mountains, the caves on the island, the solitude of the drear battlefield of Actium, took up the hollow cry and reverberated it in a thousand accents of despair, with groans and shrieks of sorrow and confused bewailing, while all nature united in the echoing lamentation, 'Pan, great Pan, is dead!'

In this strange way M. Clemenceau opens an essay in defense of a purely positivist theory of human existence. He describes the doctrine of the pagan divinities, under the tyranny of Christianity, and he predicts their resurrection under clearer and calmer auspices. For M. Clemenceau, Pan is the symbol of life in its harmonious and composite action, and science is the intelligent worship of Pan. This despised and fallen god, who seemed for one dark moment to be dead, survives and will return to his faithful adorers, has indeed returned already, and turns the tables on his priestly persecutors. The apparent death of Pan was but a sleep and a forgetting; the spirit of humanity, dominated for a moment by superstition and ignorance, seemed to be lying bound and mute, but it is vocal again, and its powers prove to be unshackled. The Orphic hymn, in dark numbers, had pronounced the sky and the sea, earth the universal and fire the immortal, to be the limbs of Pan. Under the early sway of Christianity the office and meaning of the pagan gods faded into mist; they seemed to disappear forever. Darkness gathered over the sweet natural influences of the physical world, and reality was bartered for a feverish dream of heaven and hell.

But the gods were only preparing in silence for their ultimate resuscitation. Lactantius said that 'Idols and religion are two incompatible things'; in his famous *De Origine Erroris*, conscious of the necessity of recognizing a central force of energy in nature, the earliest Christian philosopher repulsed the notion of polytheism, and insisted that piety can exist only in the worship of the one God. He, like the Christian Fathers before him, shut up the spirit of man in a prison from which there seemed no escape. But the polytheists, thus violently Christianized against their will, remained pagan in essence, and they escaped, as by a miracle, from the furies of the Gospel and the Koran. The revolt was held in check through the Middle Ages; in the Renaissance it became victorious, and the first activity of man in liberty was an unconscious but none the less real restitution of the old liberating deities. The shepherds of Arcadia saw the blood come back into the marble face and hands of their dead god. Pan was moving on the earth once more, for he had triumphed over the sterile forces of dissolution. Pan, as ancient as social order itself, radiant master of the beneficent powers of light, has once more become the supreme deity. This, put briefly, is the thesis of M. Clemenceau.

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The influence of Renan is manifest through the whole of this rhapsody, which is unique among the writings of its author. M. Clemenceau had followed the track of Pan through the valleys of Arcadia, and up the rocky pathways that rise abruptly from the stony bed of Alpheus. An actual visit to Greece, the date of which I have not verified, appears to have influenced his imagination; he says, 'je l'ai voulu chercher, moi-même; au dépit de Thamous, près des antiques sources dolentes,' and he tells us how an avalanche of falling stones and a clatter of cloven hoofs overhead often made him fancy the deity almost within his grasp. In these passages M. Clemenceau reveals himself more plainly than anywhere else as an imaginative positivist, who permits his fancy to play with romantic and even fantastic visions, yet who is none the less essentially emancipated from everything but reality. He is never the dupe of his own symbol. He rejects natural religion no less firmly than revealed religion, and he will not submit his conscience to any supernatural authority. The reader, if he has the patience to do so, may follow the close parallelism of the purely intellectual positivism of the author with the charming, supple, elusive philosophy of Renan in his *L'Avenir de la Science*.

In no other of his writings is M. Clemenceau quite so emancipated from the prejudice of the moment as he is in the preface to *Le Grand Pan*. His central idea is one of satisfaction in the survival of the spirits of the dead gods, to whom, of course, he gives his own formula of definition. Nothing in history seems to affect him more painfully than the tragedy of the massacre of the sacred statues under Theodosius, when, as Gibbon has so eloquently described, the most high gods were exposed to the derision of the crowd, and then melted down. Where M. Clemenceau's emotion seems to be slightly deficient in logic is the parallel between these ancient gods who retain his sympathy, and the strictly impersonal forces of which he acknowledges them a symbol. He delights in Apollo, Pan, and Jove, and speaks of them almost as though they were individuals, yet he admits no sentimentality with regard to what they represent. On the whole, his attitude is not one of benignity. He confesses that nature reveals nothing but a system of forces interacting upon one another; it is not moral and it is not beneficent. Here the tone of *Le Grand Pan* becomes identical with that of *La Mêlée Sociale*. But we demand a clear definition of the central symbol. What does M. Clemenceau really mean us to understand by Pan? We push him up into a corner; we refuse to let him take refuge in his Renanesque imaginations, and we extract an answer at last. Pan is the source of all moral and intellectual action:

> Pan nous commande. Il faut agir. L'action est le principe, l'action est le moyen, l'action est le but. L'action obstinée de tout l'homme au profit de tous, l'action désintéressée, supérieure aux puériles glorioles, aux rémunérations des rêves d'éternité, comme aux desespérances des batailles perdues ou de l'inéluctable mort, l'action en évolution d'idéal, unique force et totale vertu.

The career of M. Clemenceau has been marked throughout by sudden and spasmodic crises, rather than by slow evolution of events. If this is true of his political history, it is repeated in his literary record. We need not, therefore, affect surprise at finding him, at the age of fifty-seven, and in the midst of the most bewildering distractions, produce his one and only novel, a modern story deliberately conducted to its close in four hundred pages. When *Les Plus Forts* was pub-

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lished, in 1898, its author was extremely out of the fashion, and it passed almost unobserved from the press. Not a single Parisian critic, so far as I have discovered, gave it any serious attention, and it sank at once into an obscurity out of which the immense recent vogue of M. Clemenceau has only lately drawn it. *Les Plus Forts* was issued at the darkest moment of the statesman's reversal, when he was repudiated by the great majority of those who adore him to-day. He had actually gone so far as to speak of his own as a 'vie manquée,' when a fresh opportunity of perilous service to the state fell in his way.

In October, 1897, M. Ernest Vaughan, who had laid by a very considerable sum of money for the purpose of founding an efficient social and literary newspaper, approached Clemenceau with the offer of the editorship in chief. The famous *L'Aurore* came into existence, and it set sail at once in the stormy waters of the Dreyfus affair. Terrific was the clash of passions around the name of the mysterious Jew, whose exact character and definite purpose will perhaps never be completely elucidated. M. Clemenceau did not hesitate to throw the weight of his pen into the unpopular scale. When Esterhazy was acquitted he almost lost his self-control; with furious irony and snarling invectives he lashed the populace into a frenzy. Then followed (on the 13th of January, 1898) the famous intervention of Zola, in a manifesto which rang from one end of the civilized world to the other. This was 'J'accuse,' the admirably effective title of which, so M. Maurice Le Blond assures us, was the invention of Clemenceau. Next month, at the Zola trial, Clemenceau defended the cause of justice in the teeth of enemies who did not refrain from threatening his very life, and for two years *L'Aurore*, in the midst of the frenzied Dreyfus hurly-burly, was unflagging in its attacks and its rejoinders.

At such a moment M. Clemenceau sat down to write his solitary novel. It would be fulsome to represent *Les Plus Forts* as a masterpiece of fiction, though in the present flush of the author's celebrity some have dared so to describe it. As a matter of fact, it owes the interest which it possesses almost entirely to the light which it throws on the character of its author. As a mere romance, *Les Plus Forts* suffers from the fact that its author, gifted in so many other directions, is not an effective narrator. As Dr. Johnson mischievously said of Congreve's one novel, *Incognita*, it is easier to praise *Les Plus Forts* than to read it. The scene is laid in a village deep in the heart of Poitou, and commentators have recognized a close reproduction of Mouilleron-en-Paradis, the hamlet near Fontenay where M. Clemenceau was born. At the moment of his fiercest struggle in Paris, his thoughts turned back to the cool woods and the still waters of his old home in the west, to the land of hollow valleys, and to the inexpressive sixteenth-century château which the doctor's child learned to regard as the symbol of rapine and tyranny in the past.

We are introduced to M. Henri, marquis de Puymaufray, a man of over sixty, solitary, a confirmed bachelor, not so good a shot as he used to be. The lonely old man comes back, defeated by life, to his château in Poitou. The *mise-en-scène* is lugubrious in the extreme, punctuated by the shrieking peacocks at noon and the hooting owls at night. When this impression has been sketched in, we turn back to the hero's early history, and follow the adventures of a young buck of the Second Empire, brought up to despise

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science, modern thought, the action of democracy in every form. He begins as a pontifical zouave in bondage to Rome; he ends as a sort of anarchist. The biography of the young and stupid nobleman is thus made a peg on which to hang dissertations on all the principal maladies which affected French society a quarter of a century ago. There is an exaggerated forceful woman, the Vicomtesse de Fourchamps, who plays a sustained but obscure part in the intrigue. What does she want? It is difficult to say; she is always 'preparing for the battle' or attempting to 'conquer' somebody. 'Il faut conquérir,' she incessantly repeats; she is a kind of tigress, and she seems to be, in petticoats, a type of every social and political movement of which M. Clemenceau disapproves.

The Parisian scenes in M. Clemenceau's novel are not very amusing, and, oddly enough, they are weighed down by a sort of heavy gorgeousness, somewhat in the mode of Disraeli not at his best. All the characters preach, and the reader comes to sympathize with the vicomtesse when she declares herself 'agacée des sermons du marquis.' The young girl, Claude Harlé, is a somewhat shadowy heroine. She passes as the daughter of a rich industrial, but she is in reality the child of Puymaufray, who was the lover of her mother, since deceased. It is easy to understand that M. Clemenceau has taken this pathetic and tremulous figure as representative of what is chimerical in the society of the day. In her original condition, he puts into her mouth the crude sentiments which are supposed to be nurtured by the enemies of democracy. Claude calmly states that 'the good God has instituted two classes of human beings, the rich and the poor, and it is our duty to maintain our inferiors in the practices of religion.' A good deal of art is required to remove from such speeches as these the crude appearance of falsity; and it may be remarked that the pious characters in *Les Plus Forts* are not more like real human beings than are the atheists in M. Paul Bourget's later romances.

What is of extraordinary interest in *Les Plus Forts* is not the story itself, which is thin, nor the conduct of the adventures, which is stilted, but the temper and attitude of the writer. If we ask ourselves what is the principal characteristic of this novel, the answer must be — the intensity of action of the personages; they seem to have springs of steel in their insides; they run when other people walk, and cannot move without leaping in the air. 'Il faut aux conquérants la pleine sécurité de leur corps. Où l'âme conduit, la bête doit suivre.' The book is full of strange utterances of this order, which reveal the violence of the author's temperament in flashes of odd light. The episodes, the conversations, are little more than a series of irregular theses on various aspects of the struggle for life. The world is regarded as simply 'le syndicat des plus forts,' and this idea underlies the title of the book. We are not allowed to forget it, even when our attention is being switched away to the discipline of little Chinese children in a missionary settlement, or to the importance of encouraging a manufacturer of paper in Ceylon.

What is perhaps the most characteristic passage of M. Clemenceau's single novel may be quoted as an example both of his philosophy and of his style. It occurs in the course of a long conversation between father and daughter.

Certes non, l'argent n'est pas tout. Il est trop, simplement. L'argent n'est pas tout, mais il a le genre humain pour clientèle, car il est devenu, de force libératrice, l'egoïsme tangible en rondelles de métal.

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Voilà pourquoi tout cèda à l'universelle attraction qui n'est pas suffisamment contre-balancée par d'autres. L'argent n'est pas tout. Pourtant autour de lui se rassemblent toutes les autres puissances sociales, et celles-là même qui s'annoncèrent protectrices des hommes, aussitôt installées, par lui se sont agglomérées en tyrannie. Il a remplacé la force brutale, dit-on . . . à la condition de l'exprimer par d'autres signes. Contre l'expression du monde, il y avait Dieu autrefois, a dit quelqu'un. Peut-être. J'ai toujours trouvé Dieu du côté des plus forts.

M. Clemenceau did not pause, meanwhile, from his journalistic labors, and he continued to offer to the public of Paris successive selections from the mass of his productions. On each of these occasions a preface, composed with more than usual care, gave the keynote to the series of essays, or rather suggested a tone of mind in which the reader would do well to study them. In the introduction to the volume of 1900, called *Au Fil des Jours*, the author returned to his favorite theme, the struggle against the universally destructive forces of Nature. The life of man is concentrated on resistance to the persistent attacks upon it made by an army of inimical forces. The pride of existence is humbled by the inevitable fatality which governs the fortunes of the Olympian gods themselves. And it is useless to appeal, with the sentimental pantheists, to the beneficence of Nature, for Nature is the most relentless, the most indomitable of our enemies. In that extraordinary little tragedy of Victor Hugo, *Mangeront-ils*, which has just been put on the stage in Paris, the vain appeal is made:

Est ce pas,
Nature, que tu haïs les semeurs de trépas,
Qui dans l'air frappent l'aigle et sur l'eau la sarcelle,
Et font partout saigner la vie universelle.

With the clairvoyance of the biologist, M. Clemenceau divines the vanity of these remonstrances, and from the terrible cruelty of Nature he sees no relief save in vigorous action. 'Toute âme haute veut être de la mêlée.' The most troublous epochs are battles for the ideal, even at their worst moments. The only way to resist the destructive fatality of Nature is to strive for an amelioration of the lot of the human race. In all this, the texture of which is occasionally a little stretched when it is made to cover newspaper articles on the lighting of Paris or a show of prize pigeons, M. Clemenceau displays his eager wish to subordinate all his writing to a set of philosophical ideas. He has always held that the general impulses on which our daily existence depends reach us through the channels of thought. He is, therefore, a philosopher by determination, and he bases his own intellectual system on Pasteur and Spencer, on Darwin and J. S. Mill, on Taine and Renan. I have already spoken of the immense influence evidently exercised on Clemenceau by Renan's early and least ripe work, *L'Avenir de la Science*. No doubt it was the reading of that remarkable book which led Clemenceau, already biased in favor of materialism, to transfer to science all the passion which an earlier generation, and since his middle age a later generation, gave to religion. It must be understood that he does not belong in habit of mind or intellectual aspiration to the characteristic French tradition of to-day.

The great merit of M. Clemenceau, in the agitated years when he wielded a pen that was like a rapier, consisted in his fearless and disdainful audacity. He fought in literature exactly as he has always fought in politics, with the air of one who had no wish to conciliate his opponent, but always to browbeat him, to crush him by the weight of his argument, and then run him

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through the body with his irony. When we turn over the pages of his books, which suffer an inevitable loss from the fugitive nature of the themes on which they mainly expatiate, we are astounded at the ceaseless agility of the lucid, restless brain of the man. He is an acrobat, incessantly flinging himself with aerial lightness into some new impossible position. An article a day for twenty-five years — what an expenditure of vital force that seems to sum up; and yet to-day, at the age of seventy-eight, the indefatigable brain and body seem as elastic as ever! The fullness of the material in M. Clemenceau's articles has always been a matter of amazement to those who know how much clever journalism is of the kind Francisque Sarcey described when he said, 'You may turn the tap as much as you please; if the cistern is empty, nothing but wind comes out!' But M. Clemenceau seemed always full, and copious as was the output, the reader had always the impression that there was much more behind.

We may regret that while the great politician was chiefly engaged in writing, namely, between 1893 and 1903, he was obliged by circumstances to expend so much of his experience and his condition upon occasional issues. In turning over his pages, we must not forget that he wrote, not in the calm retirement of a study, but out in the street, in the midst of the battle and heat of the day. His insatiable appetite for action drove him forth into the madding crowd. There has always been something encyclopædic about his passion for knowledge, for practical acquaintance with the actual practice of life. He has cultivated a genius for observation, and his feverish career has been spent in pursuing knowledge, day by day, without giving himself time to arrange the trophies of his pursuit. He has published no systematic scheme of his philosophy, but has left us to gather it as well as we may from his prefaces, and most of all from *Le Grand Pan*. As an author, we may sum him up as the latest, and in some respects the most vigorous and agile, of the disciples of the Encyclopædists. Like them, through a long and breathless career, he has ceaselessly striven to struggle upward into the light of knowledge.

The Edinburgh Review

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THE DICKENS RENAISSANCE

BY W. WALTER CROTCH

. . . For the words of a genius so high as his are not born to die: their immediate work upon mankind fulfilled, they may seem to lie torpid; but at each fresh shower of intelligence Time pours upon their students they prove their immortal race: they revive, they spring from the dust of great libraries; they bud, they flower, they fruit, they seed, from generation to generation and from age to age. — CHARLES READE.

I

ACCORDING to Mr. G. K. Chesterton, it was somewhere about the 'eighties that the reaction against Dickens set in. Mr. Chesterfield, like other men of genius, is not strong on dates. His own brilliantly written *History of England* is said to contain but two and they are both wrong! My own recollection is that the reaction was at its height some ten or fifteen years later, and that, at all events, it existed then there can be no question whatever. It was customary among the Smart Set — the smart literary set — in those days to sneer at Dickens; to denounce him as crude, catholic, and an apostle of the obvious. As the latter is always the most difficult thing to describe, this was, in effect, a very sincere tribute to his powers. Again, he was referred to as a mere journalist — a phrase that shows pretty clearly of what the diseased frame of mind that disdained Dickens really consisted. This may have set in about the 'eighties. I can only say that I found the habit of sneering at him in full force, when, in the early 'nineties, I made my *début* into the literary and Bohemian circles of the time. We were just then much in love with the Decadents and the Decadent movement, and were curiously persuaded that Ibsen and Bernard Shaw, among others, were of the company also. My impression is borne out by the evidence of a journalist friend of mine, who recently had occasion to read through the files of that invaluable publication, the *Review of Reviews*, then at its best under that immutable journalist, W. T. Stead. He told me that he scarcely ever chanced on any article on Dickens from periodical or reviews of that time. To-day, it would be difficult to find any periodical that does not contain copious references to the man, and his work as novelist, journalist, and teacher.

But there can be no doubt whatever that there was a period of sharp decline in the popularity of Dickens, when his novels went, not unread by the public, but unnoticed by the *litterateurs;* when his teachings and characters were regarded as second-best; when it was the thing to sneer at his work and personality. Mr. Shaw, I am informed by one of his friends, almost regretted the passing of the period, because, as he put it, before Dickens became fashionable again, praise of him was a certain indication of genuine literary capacity. To-day, everybody praises Dickens, and the criterion has passed into the *Ewigkeit.*

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Quite seriously, however, it is very important indeed — if it be important to understand the period in which we live — to trace briefly the cardinal causes of the decline, and to see how far we have recovered from the miasma that led to it. That task I propose now briefly to essay.

II

Dickens's decline coincided with the rise of the Decadents. I do not say that the one thing caused the other; but I am going to suggest that they were both produced by the same cause. The Decadents themselves were necessarily a passing phase. The best thing that can be said about them is that it was impossible to take them quite seriously. This is particularly true of one man of brilliant genius, who led them and their forces against the conventions and established usages of the society in which they lived; a society that it was not very difficult for them to ridicule or assail very effectively. Oscar Wilde, as we know from *De Profundis*, cherished as the supreme ambition of his life his acceptance as the dominant literary type of his day. He wanted to be to the later nineteenth century what Byron was to the earlier part; and he succeeded — partly on account of his extraordinary wit, and shrewd destructive intellect; partly because of his personal charm and Irish audacity; but chiefly because there was nothing, or little, to oppose him. People were very ready to listen to the amusing shafts and sarcasms of a man who had no beliefs and who said so, because their own beliefs had become devitalized, or non-existent.

'All art is quite useless,' he said; and his age caught eagerly at the axiom which saved them from censure, rebuke, or self-examination, just as securely as they were protected from it in the sermons to which they occasionally listened. 'Art for art's sake,' became a great shibboleth, one of the very silliest that ever inflicted itself on clever men. People were to live for these sensations alone; the Æsthetic movement, with its flower pots and peacock feathers, became the dominant movement of the time. Morality was something for the Philistines and the lower orders; and the morality of the day was, in truth, silly and lifeless enough. 'The white lock of Whistler,' says Mr. G. K. Chesterton, 'became the great symbol'— the symbol of the intellectual movement of an age, which soon lost the genius of modification. Revolutionary or democratic movements were hailed merely because they threatened to break up the existing synthesis, and it became the correct thing to take nothing seriously. Frequently the devotees of this particular school avowed themselves socialists, because, under that condition of affairs, it would not be necessary to trouble about the poor, and the old-fashioned and tiresome virtue of sympathy would cease to have any valid excuse. The great aim of life was the development at all costs of an intense personality, if necessary, by the violation of all or any moral instincts that the race might possess.

It was inevitable that this view, so divorced from reality and the nature of things, could not long endure. It ended, so far as its principal apostle was concerned, in the tragedy that wrecked his life and sent him to prison. Its chief value for us is that it was a symptom of the prevalent malady into which our times had fallen.

Now the return to Dickens was, I think, much more due to events than to any literary influences. It dates from the year 1900, about which time references to him and to his works begin again to appear in the papers, and

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when there was a considerable quickening interest alike in his personality and philosophy, a renaissance that found its expression in the formation of the Dickens Fellowship, stronger and more vigorous to-day than ever. The event which, as I venture to think, broke up the atmosphere that had been suffocating the Dickensian spirit, took place in 1899, when the Boer Republic made war on Great Britain, and entered into a hopeless struggle, destined to cover their arms with glory, ourselves with chagrin, and finally the Dutch farmers with almost complete ascendancy in South Africa. The Boer War was the end of British imperialism; the end of the doctrine of the inevitable, and the first reawakening in England of admiration for manful qualities of resistance against odds, for fortitude under adversity, perhaps, one might say, for heroism. I can remember to this day the fatuous optimism of the stockbrokers who shared Cecil Rhodes's confident belief that the Boers would never fight, and, that if they did, their resistance would soon be overcome. 'It will soon be over,' said one of them to me; and, on my expressing doubts, he laughingly assured me that I was a croaker, and that three months at most would see it through. The two-and-a-half years' stubborn resistance that followed had an immense effect upon the mind of England; for it changed altogether the material and fatalistic view which we were beginning to take of all problems, both human and political. It was, moreover, during those two-and-a-half years that the Dickens renaissance took shape and form.

But it would, I think, be idle to deny that the renaissance was preceded by powerful and original literary activities, which owe their inspiration almost exclusively to Dickens. During the very period through which we had been traveling many of the most popular novelists were men bred in his school, who had trained themselves in his methods of observation, following closely his choice of subjects, and breathing the same atmosphere as that in which he moved. Walter Besant, George Gissing, Pett Ridge, Farjeon, Arthur Morrison — these men, various and diverse in many ways, owe their inspiration mainly to Dickens; as did that later recruit to literature, the late William de Morgan, one of the most charming and accomplished writers of his period. But they were not primarily responsible for the return of literature to those stimuli to which Dickens made it first respond. For this, we must look largely to two other writers, neither of whom had, by a strange accident, been associated with the Dickens revival; but who, between them, may have been said to have caused it, in so far as the written word was responsible for that epoch-making movement.

III

The first of these was Bernard Shaw. That Dickens influenced him more than any other author, we know, not merely as a matter of reasoning and deduction; but by his own statement. 'Nothing but the stupendous illiteracy of modern criticism,' he says, 'could have missed this fact; could have failed to observe my continual exploitation of Dickens's demonstration that it is possible to combine a mirror-like exactness of character drawing with the wildest extravagances of humorous expression and grotesque situation. I have actually transferred characters of Dickens to my plays — Jaggers, in *Great Expectations* to *You Never Can Tell*, for example — with complete success. Lomax in *Major Barbara* is technically a piece of pure Dickens.' But the public would not, of course, have

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been led back to Dickens by pure technique. We must find the fundamental resemblances between the two men — ignoring their many antagonisms and repulsions — to get at the root of the matter.

That resemblance consisted, in the main, of two things; in temperament they were alike, in that both of them were intensely earnest, intensely vitalized, and intensely pugnacious. There was no subject on which they had not views that they did not rush to express — usually, both of them with the force and point that come from originality of belief; there was no current controversy in which they did not take part. This fundamental agreement in their temperaments was, moreover, matched by a correspondence in their outlook on life, and on what I may describe as the essence of their philosophy. For Mr. Shaw, no more than Dickens, believes in Darwin or determinism. He has, as had Dickens, a belief in the human will, in the fundamental goodness of human nature; in the power of man and of the race to order its life and to control its destiny. Hence his art is supremely didactic, purposeful, and propagandist; and no man has done more to ridicule what I once heard him describe as the 'Art for art's sake nonsense.' Therefore,— and this is his great cardinal correspondence with Dickens,— he seeks the main *motifs* of his art by dealing with the soul of man under those very conditions that Dickens described, and, in describing, attacked. From the first moment, when the public applauded *Widower's House* with its Dickensian Luckcheese and its exposure of the slums, its ruthless satire on the complacency of the average sophisticated young man down from the 'Varsity — a play published, Mr. Shaw himself declared, to insure the Progressives a majority at the forthcoming L. C. C. election — from that time onward Mr. Shaw has helped to infuse life with a part of Dickensian teaching and philosophy. I am not suggesting for a moment that the two men had not sharp points of divergence. Dickens was an anti-puritan; Mr. Shaw is a puritan of puritans. Dickens believed in the home; Mr. Shaw distrusts it profoundly. Dickens liked beef, beer, and the country; at least two of these are anathema to Mr. Shaw. But, in the fundamentals I have described, the resemblance is as I have said. Coloring the work of both men was a passion for reform, or for revolution; an enthusiasm for humanity; a belief in man, and in his redemption in this world; a zeal for efficiency and a dislike that amounted almost to hatred for the inefficient and the pretentious. Both were great realists; both had an ardent public spirit; for both believed intensely that man and that life were worth while.

Mr. Shaw has one other Dickensian quality; a quality that he shares almost exclusively with Dickens.

He has the power of satire in so high a degree that he can, like Dickens, satirize not only things and opinions but men. An instance occurs to me as I write — (far, alas! from any of Mr. Shaw's books) — of the doctor in *The Philanderer*. He is positively upset, when the patient, whom he suspects of a new and interesting, but incurable, disease, turns out to be perfectly well. And, if my recollection is not at fault, George Bernard Shaw's comment thereon was that the medical conscience was rather worse than the religious one. 'I have known all manner of consciences,' he says, 'but I prefer to rely on human nature.' In that summary we have the philosophy of Dickens, who looked, as I have said, at all questions from the common standpoint of the common man.

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IV

Mr. Shaw's fame had not yet been established when there burst on our literary consciousness the distinctly original and explosive force of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's genius. Mr. Kipling had been profoundly affected by the work of Bret Harte, whose indebtedness to Dickens I have elsewhere described; and he very early displayed qualities that are to be found in both, and perhaps nowhere else in so high a degree. The avidity to seize on the salient characteristic of a man, while depicting his exterior, his tricks of manner, ways of speech, and general bearing, so that they seem to be, as indeed they are, part, not merely of himself, but of his habits of thought and life; the capacity to detect the pathos and the strength that lie hidden beneath rough, even repellent appearances; the ability suddenly to surprise one by unsuspected pathos and humor; in short, the ability to interest one in the average common man — the clerk, the ship's officer, the artisan, the native teacher, or the British Tommy; all these were the gifts that Dickens made his own. Nor does the quality of Mr. Kipling's work lack that sardonic insight into character, that distrust of windy pretentiousness, or that power to inspire us with a real veneration and esteem for the man who matters, which were traits characteristic of Dickens. I am not sure that Dickens and Mr. Kipling were so opposed in their outlook on life as so many people would rashly suggest. *The Perils of Certain English Prisoners* might have been written by Mr. Kipling himself in his less strident moments. At all events, it expresses very forcibly the view with which he has familiarized us in later years; the view that the British people were the chosen race, so far as the government and ordering of the backward races of the earth are concerned, and that they have inherent in them a capacity for steadiness, fidelity and sound judgment, which is their warrant for dominion. Again, some of Mr. Kipling's other work — *A Pleasant Sunday Afternoon*, for instance — is reminiscent of Dickens to an extraordinary extent; and both men had supremely the gift of exciting in us quite naturally a sense of awe and horror. That Dickens would have shrunk from many of Mr. Kipling's confessions of faith I do not deny. Dissimilarities there are between them, no doubt. But the immense force with which Mr. Kipling threw the 'nineties back on to realities, crowding his canvases with much the same wealth of characters drawn from the well of life,— rough, virile, in the main English,— the genius and energy with which he thrust on us the reality, and his guise of the reality of the ordinary, mundane life we live; of its solemnity and its romance; these things were not only of the spirit of Dickens, but they led this generation enevitably back to the master again.

V

But the greatest asset from a literary revival that the Dickens renaissance can boast has been not a novelist, but a critic and essayist — one of the most brilliant, perhaps, that English literature ever produced. It was by his articles and appreciations of Dickens, nearly seventeen years ago, that G. K. Chesterton first achieved fame; and if he had written nothing since he would have earned, not merely our sincere admiration, but our gratitude. It is not merely that his analyses of Dickens's genius have been marked by that inspiring sprightliness, that *élan*, that torrential eloquence, that wonderful epigrammatic force peculiarly his own. They had a power above and beyond

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all that, they showed us, not only Dickens, but two great factors about him that stood in the most urgent need of emphasis, though nobody had troubled about them. First G. K. Chesterton made us realize what we had forgotten during the period of the decline — that the people still read Dickens. The common man, and the average workaday woman, bought Dickens's novels as of yore, and as of yore read them feverishly, unmindful of the sniff of the superior person, unmindful of the neglect of the critics. Mr. G. K. Chesterton made us realize this, for he showed us how supremely true the common person was; he showed us how Dickens stood for his rights, his dignity, his freedom. And he showed, and shows us still, the danger of that freedom, and the real limitation to the Dickens revival. We have got past Wilde and the Decadents; we have got past the snobs, who sneered at artists like Hardy because they wrote of peasants. Class-consciousness, and the idea that the realities of life are to be kept out of literature, these have disappeared with Southey, as the aristocratic type of author vanished with Byron.

The figure that really confronts the Dickensian to-day is Shelley (who typified benevolent autocracy which he called freedom), not the less dangerous because he was as muddle-headed as a thinker as he was supreme as a poet; who never believed, for all his love of mankind, in humanity, but who shrank from it all his life, holding, in so far as he had a political *credo*, that the working classes were to be governed from above and made as much like himself as possible, as like, that is, to a vegetarian, an ascetic, a humanitarian, a fastidiously hygienic person, and a puritan of puritans.

To-day we turn to Dickens for laughter, for relaxation, for amusement. It is my hope that some of us will turn to him for real inspiration. If we do not seek it there, then we shall forfeit again that confidence in the common man, and in the common sense of man, that will lead us by the hand of Mrs. Pardiggle to a worse dilemma of pretentious futility than any from which he has yet saved us.

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ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

THE WAR AND THE POPULATION OF GERMANY

THE Copenhagen Society for the investigation of the social effects of the war issued its first report in March. This dealt with Germany, and is based on statistics of the population movement in the German Empire to the end of 1915, in the Kingdom of Saxony — birth statistics — to the end of 1917, and in towns of over 15,000 inhabitants to October, 1918, as well as on statements in the German press. The concluding chapter of the report sums up the effects of the war on the population as follows:

1. The German people suffered by diminution in births and increase of mortality a total loss of approximately 5,600,000 souls. Consequently, there is a downward movement in the development of the population figures. The number of inhabitants has sunk from 67,800,000 to about 65,100,000; of these 33,900,000 are females and only 31,200,000 males.

2. Of the total losses approximately 3,500,000 were caused by the diminution in births, and about 2,100,000 by the increase of mortality.

3. The proportion of the age and number of the sexes has been completely altered. To every thousand persons of the male sex there are now 1086 instead of 1024 females. In the age class of from 20 to 50 years the proportion, instead of being 1000 to 1005, is now 1000 to 1155, and in the class from 20 to 30 years of age, which is particularly important from the marriage point of view, the proportion is far more unfavorable. The youngest in this class, those born between May, 1915, and July, 1919, are one third to one half behind the normal peace figures.

4. The increase of mortality has, in consequence of the great numbers (about 1,800,000) killed in the war, chiefly affected the strongest and most effective members of the male class. The number of men of military age has sunk from about 14,000,000 to 12,200,000, that is to say, by 13 per cent. Then again, hundreds and thousands of the survivors are more or less severely incapacitated. In this way the best labor of the German nation has to a large extent been ruined.

5. The civil population has also suffered severely from malnutrition and overwork. The poorer sections of the town population have suffered the worst. Of those who have survived the first year of their life, 700,000 persons more have died than would have been the case under normal conditions.

6. Demobilization lasted two or three months; after its conclusion large bodies of troops remained under arms. There were over 800,000 German soldiers at the end of February, 1919, prisoners of war, and it cannot yet be known when they will be released. Births, in this transition period, will, therefore, be still more diminished.

7. The great loss among men of marriageable age will make itself felt after the complete restoration of peace conditions and the return of the prisoners. About 1,800,000 men fell during the war. If the losses of the civil population are taken into account, and the fact that many thousands of soldiers will return in enfeebled health, the loss of marriageable men may clearly be estimated at 2,500,000. It is likely, therefore, that the birth rate will remain for some time after the war 20 per cent lower than the peace figures. The number of marriages will sink — the precedent of previous wars is no guide, for this last war differs from all others.

8. The health conditions of the population have deteriorated immensely through want of food and over-work. The poorer hard-working sections of the people have suffered the most. Tuberculosis has made terrible progress — it has increased by over 50 per cent — and the mortality among the entire population after the war will for some time be much higher than it was in the last peace year. This result is only too probable since it will be some time before food conditions become normal again.

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9. It must also not be forgotten that the German people are faced with economic difficulties — dearness, want of raw material, unemployment, shortage of transport facilities — which affect greatly the population problem, for the more difficult the economic conditions, the more expensive will be the upbringing of children, and the greater the wish to limit the families artificially.

The entire results of the war as regards population movement cannot, therefore, be grasped in their entire significance. To the loss, once and for all, of more than 5,500,000 persons must be added a long period of sinking birth rate and of rising mortality. There is no illusion on these points in the circle of German economists. The German Society for Population Questions, which was founded during the war, and which comprises numerous politicians and men of science, held a meeting in October, 1915. The President, speaking about the effects of the war on the birth rate, said that there could be little prospect of an increase in birth rate after the war. The disabled men would not care to take on themselves the responsibilities of a family, and the increased power of a woman to earn money would deter her from matrimony. Various other societies came to the same conclusion, showing conclusively that, if the war lasted long, children and fathers would both be lacking, as the losses affected those who belonged to the marriageable class first and foremost. This unparalleled loss of man-power places the German people face to face with social-political problems of the most difficult nature. Nothing can be done by small schemes. The only means of improving the situation is a carefully-planned policy based on the broadest principles. The politician and economist and the physician must work together toward one object.

The Reconstruction Supplement

FUTURE OF THE INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM

BY PHILODEMOS

WOULD it be fair to the men who, on the stricken fields of Flanders and of France, have gloriously upheld the cause of freedom and peace were they to come back to an England disturbed by the old industrial disputes? No sensible man would answer that question in the affirmative.

Nevertheless, there are not wanting signs that despite promises of reformation and effort for the better, disputation may, amid the dust and heat of conflict, again be slued round on to well-worn lines. Desired by none — with the exception, possibly, of the agitator by profession — that state of things is apprehended by all. To assist in avoiding it is the least service every honest and public-spirited man at this juncture owes his country, and the service is, rightly considered, but a pendant of that nobly rendered in the field; the least tribute due to our forever memorable dead.

Can the contingency be avoided? The purpose of this article is to prove that it can.

Largely the question is one of temperament, and on both sides. Much depends upon the spirit in which on both sides it is approached. In turn the spirit in which the question is approached turns upon knowledge.

There are two attitudes which in the past have equally darkened counsel. One is the belief that the relations between capital and labor as they have so far existed are fixed and final; at any rate, in broad outline. The other that the change in those relations which the times demand must be swift and sweeping; in a word catastrophic. It will not be denied that these attitudes, coming into conflict, have in the past

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fomented industrial disputes, and when disputes have been fomented, embittered them. To demonstrate that each extreme embodies a misconception means, therefore, as a first step the removal of a widespread irritant. Our British habit has been to regard politics as in practice the art of give-and-take, but in economics it has hitherto been not less our habit to set out from propositions laid down *a priori*, and to wrangle over them, with all the fanaticism of mediæval schoolmen. It is a strange contrast, and a very peculiar phenomenon to be presented by a practical people.

Is there any reason in the nature of things why this should be so?

Rather more than a hundred years ago the whole face of the industrial world, and the entire problem of communications alike by sea and land, was changed by the discovery of steam power. That discovery not only gave an enormously enhanced value to our deposits of iron and coal; it placed at our disposal as a community a substitute, and an increasingly efficient substitute, for purely manual labor, which was both thirty times as cheap as such labor reckoned upon the lowest subsistence level, and *capable of indefinite multiplication*. There was, that is to say, no limit to the supply of this substitute save the demand for it and the ability to apply it. There was no *assignable* limit to the wealth and the creation of abundance that might not flow from it. In all its long past history the human race had never been presented with such a gift.

But when that gift was revealed to the world by the genius of its discoverer, what, socially, was the state of the world? The masses of the population of Europe were but barely emerging from centuries of serfdom. Some, indeed, were still serfs. In the mass they exhibited the inherited habits, usages, and opinions stamped upon them by that condition. In the mass they were ignorant. In the mass they were accustomed to dependence. In the mass they looked upon penury as their natural lot. So much on the one side. On the other were what we now call the employing class. They were influenced, perhaps unconsciously, by the spectacle and tradition of feudal relationships. Their economic ideas were few, and for the most part unsound. Adam Smith was still but a professor at the provincial — then very provincial — University of Glasgow — a voice crying in the wilderness. Most of all they believed in the economy of low wages. With but rare exceptions they were only enterprising in a narrow sense. Yet they had a high idea of their rights. Though the 'Law of Supply and Demand,' when enunciated, was accepted as a truism, the magistrates in Quarter Sessions assembled were by statute empowered to fix the rates of rural laborers' wages, and the 'Law of Supply and Demand,' notwithstanding, did habitually so fix them, and generally at such a rate, in order, as they believed, to safeguard rent, that the Poor Law had to come to the laborer's rescue. The poverty of the rural laborer was not natural, or due to any 'iron law' of economy; it was parliamentary and artificial. The iron law of economics was not iron enough. And as it had been made a crime for the rural laborer to combine in order to escape these trammels, and throw himself upon the iron law, so also it was made a crime for the town workman to do likewise. Of course, that was logic, though bad logic.

But with all its imperfections the employing class, for there was no other for the purpose, was *the* class, little as the fact was perceived at the time, upon which was thrown the task of evolving the organization of in-

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dustry under these new, and literally revolutionized, conditions; the class which had to introduce and steadily to widen the employment of machinery; the class which, though unintentionally, was for that reason all the time henceforth to go on adding to the *qualitative* value of human labor; the class which was to open up always more numerous and more varied opportunities for human skill, released by machinery from merely brute drudgery; to throw the bias of human labor more and more toward brain, and withdraw it more and more from brawn; to promote invention and design because under the new conditions they paid where they never could have paid before; to link up the mental with the manual; to quicken specialization; to establish the usage of many working together to turn out a combined and complex result; and lastly to find at home and abroad markets for that result.

It is the fashion of many of its critics to assail the wage system with vitriolic contempt. The present writer holds no brief for it. If great benefits have flowed from it, great evils have flowed from it also. They need not be enumerated; we all know what they are. There is not a humane individual living who would not rejoice over their abolition. But before passing on let us ask, seeing what the working or laboring class was when modern industry came into being, what other form could industry then have taken? Were the working class prepared to supply from their own resources the needs of organization, intensification, specialization, design, and combination which modern industry demanded? Were they as a class competent to assume its direction and control? Clearly not. If they had been; if they had had a habit of independence instead of dependence; if they had been in the mass enterprising and instructed; if they had been keen to recognize and to reward merit; shrewd enough to see the nature of the change, in place of being, through inherited ignorance, blindly and often savagely opposed to it, then industry would at once, and naturally, have run into the mould of free coöperation, and at least the worst evils of the wage system and the economic insecurity of the many would never have inflicted this or any other present-day community. The imperfections of workingmen in the mass, however, were just as marked as those of the capitalist. It serves no purpose to rail at large against industry having run into the mould of employer and employed. It could have run into no other. The root of the evil does not lie in industry, nor in machinery, nor in scientific discoveries. All those things are advantages, and vast advantages. The root of the evil lay and still lies in the level of European civilization. The level was not, and even yet is not, high enough. Education and brains were not, and to this day are not, diffused enough. The wage system is an historical outcome of that fact.

But just because the system is an historical development, the error of the two opposing extremes of opinion already alluded to begins to appear. If a system be a development or evolution, he is pretty rash who ties himself down to the position that from this particular time the system is going to cease evolving. All history and past experience rise against him. On the other hand history and past experience rise just as irresistibly against the apostle of cataclysm.

If industry to-day were to go down in a welter of dispute, industry to-morrow would rise, if it rose at all, in much the same mould as before. Those preachers of social revolution who as-

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sume that they can take over the control of industry by confiscating the employers' money, picture to themselves quite a simple job. But the picture is fanciful. The practical proposition is not to 'lift' the employers' capital; no genius is needed for an operation of that kind. The proposition is to discharge and discharge more efficiently the employers' functions. It is not money which gives capitalists as a class their power. It is the fact that *until they can be more efficiently replaced, the intellectual side of industry, which they hold in their hands, renders them indispensable.* Industry is not a purely mechanical thing, going along by its own momentum. That idea is on a par with the belief in perpetual motion. Industry functions through impulsion, just as much as a machine functions through the force of steam or of electricity. Accordingly as it functions well or ill will be the benefits derived from it. And the impulsion is not an impulsion of muscle; it is an impulsion of brain. Whether or not employers as a body discharge their function competently enough; whether or not as a body they supply all the impulsion they might, is beside the mark. We may grant they do not. It does not affect the truth that at the present time there exists no alternative body of men fit and ready to replace them and give industry a more powerful shove. Were such a body of men *presently* in existence, present employers would be superseded with very little difficulty, and no heroic legislation would be needed to assist the process.

Once that fact is grasped it becomes clear that cataclysm can lead to nothing. True social progress is not catastrophic. The very worst injury that can be inflicted upon workingmen, as a class, is to divert their attention from their own advancement, and the enlargement of opportunities for it, and by blowing upon their cupidity, to direct their attention toward spoliation. That is the road to nowhere. To fan the cupidity of workingmen is to degrade them. At bottom it is contempt. To gloss over their present mass deficiencies of knowledge is to lie to them. By the vast and revolutionary economic changes initiated a hundred years ago by the discoveries of science, millions have been born who never otherwise could have come into existence. There has been a wide expansion of human life, and the expansion is for the world's good. But it is no less correct to say that, as things are, were industry to be trifled with by ignorant and rash experimenters,—and rashness is always a trait of ignorance,—society would 'collapse into a mass of starving pauperism.' It has been so in Russia where the structure is comparatively primitive; it would be far more so in this country.

Having shown that these opposing extremes of opinion are alike rooted in error we have made a valuable step forward, because not only do we bring home the truth that to this question there are two sides, but we *have* advanced toward a practical solution. For it is precisely these opposing extremes of temper which make sensible dealing difficult. On every body where their representatives find a place, as they usually do, they are each much more concerned to fight for their respective shibboleths than to promote the business in hand. To get past these obstructions is much.

But what is the road from that starting-point? Unless something unforeseen interferes, the destiny of the working mass *in the course of orderly evolution* is the control of industry. As they rise in education and in technical skill they must become more and more proportionately able to supply the in-

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tellectual element. In no sense is that conclusion speculative. The rise in human labor values and the elimination of the unskilled and semi-skilled as the demand for the skilled widens—these are as shown inevitable results of the effort to render production less costly and at the same time more varied and efficient—must steadily contribute toward that result. There is no use in shying at this prospect. It is the certain line of advance — if there be advance. But those who pant to see quick transformation have to remember that if the working class rises in skill and intelligence, the employing class is likely to be advancing also in the same direction. The employing class as a class will disappear not through being violently rooted up, but *by being gradually overtaken and absorbed.* The wage system will go when its purpose has been fulfilled by the gradual rubbing out of present class landmarks. The employer will be 'amalgamated.' By that time, however, the limitation of the term 'labor' to mere manual employments will have become no longer applicable. Though much used in present-day polemics it is, of course, an arbitrary distinction. All human effort that creates values is labor, and the highest values are *not* created by muscle. *The highest values are created, always have been created, and always will be by mind.* And workingmen as well as others recognize that fact because, where and so far as they have the means, they prefer to see their children in some intellectual calling rather than in some manual calling. Nor is that desire snobbery. It is a proof of the spirit of progress.

If there be any employer who, reading this, conjures up the prospect of his works being taken over and 'bossed' by a mob of the unshaven, wearing heavy boots, and given to indulgence in beer and 'thick twist,' let him reassure himself. Not that type of workingman will take him over. The wage system, being a phase in social evolution, will shade off into the coöperative phase. But it can only shade off under the conditions here indicated. There is little utility in advocating coöperation on a basis of sentiment. Coöperative industry must justify itself as the better business proposition. It is a mistake to suppose that capitalistic industry has as yet reached the limits of its efficiency. It has not, not by a long way. Not less, however, would it be a mistake to assume that coöperative industry may not, when it comes, reach an efficiency higher still. It will only be realized by so doing.

Now this indicates a long road, and a profound and searching social change. Undoubtedly we have far to go.

It is not, however, the *length* of the road that matters so much as the rate at which the road is covered. And the rate depends mainly upon the impetus, and on the extent to which the impetus may become general. *An impetus of this kind does not spring from party programmes. It springs from change in underlying social philosophy.* Such a change has been initiated by the war, and will be found to be one of the most enduring effects of the war. It contributes much to the soundness of social philosophy when we know whither we are tending.

But this, it may be objected, is remote. The demand is for measures applicable here and now. Admittedly. Yet surely something is gained by recognizing that capital in the shape of the employer has its function as well as labor, and that the one function can no more be eliminated than the other. The solution *is* the eventual abolition of the distinction between the two functions *as the distinction now exists.*

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If that be recognized for the social truth of the matter, as it is, then controversies on the old footing of irreconcilably opposing extremes can be scrapped as futile

The struggle of labor was first to get rid of the anti-combination laws; then for the recognition of self-protecting rights and rules, and concerning those rights and rules it has to be observed that, in so far as by raising wages they have advanced the efficiency of labor — their tendency — they have forced employers to study more closely the economics of production, and to be keener in taking up labor-saving inventions. *They have keyed up the employers' function at the same time.* Thus we have explained the apparent paradox that the trades in which wages are highest and trade unionism strongest are the *most* prosperous, not the least. The trend is for labor to demand more control, and the friction set up by opposing extremes here crops out because this control, often informed by hostility to the function of the employer, which is not rightly understood, is for that reason too often suspicious, short-sighted, and ultra-conservative. On the other hand, the employer, convinced that present relations are final and fixed, resents the demand. He does not see that the whole record, including joint-stock trading, trade associations, and even 'trusts' is, broadly interpreted, a movement *toward* co-operative industry. He does not see that that is the line of advance, and that his concern and his interest as an intelligent man is to adapt himself to the movement and help it to be more intelligent. By taking up an attitude of mere obstruction he is merely quickening the impulse to eliminate him. Schemes for adjusting labor disputes, Whitley Committees, and what not, in so far as they keep to the main line of advance, are attempts to lessen the friction arising from the opposition of the extremes. To mitigate friction is the condition of their successful working.

Land and Water

WHAT IS CAPITALISM?

BY MAJOR C. H. DOUGLAS

When two opposing forces of sufficient magnitude push transversely at either end of a plank — or a problem — it revolves: there is revolution. When the forces are exhausted the revolution subsides, and the plank or problem remains in much the same position in space which it occupied before the forces acted on it. It is possible to conceive its molecules as being somewhat worn and giddy as a result or their rapid re-orientation, but their environment is otherwise unchanged. If, however, the forces act through the centre of resistance, actual motion results; the object is shifted bodily by the greater force, without revolution.

In the first portion of this metaphor is to be found the explanation of the devastating inconclusiveness which dogs the steps of the constant and increasingly embittered controversy between the forces of what is called Capitalism and its antagonist Labor, and for a recent instance of the phenomenon it is not necessary to go further than the Coal Commission. During the earlier part of the inquiry, up to March 20, it was made abundantly plain that an intolerable state of affairs existed in the coal industry. Mr. Smillie's attack was so well delivered, the evidence marshaled was so damning, that had the case been closed at that point the position of the miners, and with them Labor generally, would have been inconceivably strengthened. But, unfortunately, in the general interest, the case was not closed there. The ground was imme-

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diately shifted to a discussion of the merits of private, as opposed to nationalized, administration.

Now, I suppose it is a thankless task to say it, but the second question has about the same relation to the subject matter of the attack as has the strategy of a General to the pay of his troops. In consequence the issue now before the public is not whether the economic contract between the miners as members of the community, on the one hand, and the mining industry controlled by the colliery proprietors as producers for the community, on the other, is a bad and inequitable contract, but whether, under what is in essence the same contract, the miners' scheme of organization is a better scheme than the employers'. Personally, I very much doubt it.

This is a matter which affects the general public quite as much as the miners themselves. It is fairly obvious that, recognizing that Labor is determined to attack Capitalism, and having themselves no delusions about the real issue, the admirable brains behind the Capitalist organization have decided, while providing just so much opposition as is necessary to register a protest, to allow an experiment on lines already discredited to be made at the expense of the consumer, in order that its stultification, which can be insured, will strengthen Capitalism elsewhere. Brer Rabbit, being in some danger, is betraying a special and exaggerated fear of the briar bush.

This is, of course, all very adroit: it shifts the opposing forces to the opposite ends of the plank. The question for the molecules,— the general public, — however, is whether they care about the resultant revolution. If not, then their concern is to bring the opposing forces into line — to see that Labor is attacking what Capitalism is really concerned to defend.

The general public is more likely to do this if it can be brought to realize that it is really as members of the community, not as artisans, that the attack is operating.

The whole tendency of Trade Unionist, just as much as Capitalistic, propaganda is to obscure this fact, and by so doing split the offensive, but the most superficial consideration of the root idea of the existing economic system will establish it.

Capitalism is not a system of administration at all; it is a system of fixing prices in relation to effort. This is not to say, of course, that the personnel and methods of administration would not be profoundly affected and improved by a valid and radical modification of the capitalistic system, but such changes would be effects and not causes.

The root problem of civilization — not the only problem, but that which has to be disposed of before any other — is the problem of the provision of bed, board, and clothes, and this affects the ordinary man in terms of effort. If he has to work hard and long hours to obtain a precarious existence, then for him civilization fails. As the miner demonstrably had to work longer for a lower standard of life, measured in terms of purchasing power, than existed in the fourteenth century in England, then for him progress was not operative. But the reason he has to do these things is not at all that the coal mines are badly worked, although it is quite possible that they might be better worked, just as it is possible and excusable that the miners' own efficiency is not so high as it might be under better conditions. The plain, simple English of the reason is that his wages will not buy him the things he wants. His own common sense has consequently consistently been applied to the problem of raising his wages,

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but has for the most part stopped for want of technical knowledge at the recognition of the effect of this on prices.

Some time ago, it was pointed out in a short article entitled 'The Delusion of Super-Production'* that the sum of the wages, salaries, and dividends distributed in respect of the world's production was diminishingly able to buy that production *at the prices which the capitalist is by his system forced to charge*. 'Profiteering,' in the sense of charging exorbitant sums in excess of cost, is a mere excrescence on the system. If the producer could be imagined as making no profit at all, the difficulty would still exist, quite possibly in an exaggerated form. That is why the policy of more and yet more production at prices fixed on a basis of cost and profit is a mere aggravation of the prevailing difficulty. Because the available purchasing power would absorb a decreasing proportion of this production it must be either exported or wasted, and both of these lead straight to war, the supreme waster.

Now, habits of thought are so powerful in their influence that at first sight a statement that the correct *price* of an article may be a low percentage of its *cost* is apt to induce both disbelief and ridicule. But if the matter be attacked from the other end, if it be realized that an article cannot be sold, nor can its exchange through export be sold, unless its average price is considerably less than cost; that if it cannot be sold the effort expended in making it is wasted; that if it is exported competitively every economic force is driving the community irresistibly toward war; it may then be agreed that it is worth while to consider whether the accepted principles of price-making are so sacred that a world must be brought to ashes rather than that they should be analyzed and revised.

The analysis has been made; and although the methods by which the results are arrived at are too technical for description in an article of this character, it may be said that the purchasing power of effort at this time should be certainly not less than five times its present return, and most probably very much more. In other words, with wages at their present level the cost of living ought to be one fifth or less of what it is. The essential facts on which this statement is based are that production is overwhelmingly dependent on tool power and process; that tool power and process are a cultural inheritance belonging not to individuals but to the community, being largely the result of work done by persons now dead; and that in consequence the *equitable* return for effort includes a dividend on this inheritance which is immeasurably larger than the direct payment. Just as the time-rate of production has diverged from that possible to a community without tools, processes or education, so to a corresponding degree has the present economic system become inequitable and unsound.

It is a matter of simple fact that men do not in the mass act together for ethical conceptions. That is why a strike can always be settled for the time on a money basis; and the only demand which will not be so disposed of is one which promises more purchasing power by its success than its opponents can in the nature of things dispose of, because such a demand will utterly divide them. But any demand which savors of the perpetuation and extension of a bureaucracy which is already highly unpopular will alienate not only the general public but the organized worker.

The English Review

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TALK OF EUROPE

Bolshevism is a many-headed monster. At a *fête* recently given by Léon and Anatolia Trotzky, there was food in abundance, wine sparkled in the glasses, and music was provided by a gypsy orchestra. Suddenly the sound of the instruments ceased, and the musicians shouted to the merry guests:

'Why should you be the only ones to dance? You are behaving like the bourgeois. It is our turn now!'

Our readers will be interested to learn that the Temple fountain has been restored to its original simplicity by the removal of the modern ornate additions, and that it now appears as Dickens knew it and described it in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. In the *Dickensian* of March, 1917, Mr. Robert Pierpoint contributed an illustrated article on the vicissitudes of this favorite picturesque Dickensian spot, giving its history and describing the varying forms the fountain had taken since Dickens immortalized it in association with Ruth Pinch and her lover. The change will be particularly pleasing to Dickens lovers, while general approbation will be expressed at an 'improvement' which will add further charm to one of London's beauty spots.

The uneasiness of the Upper House of the British Parliament at the growth of its own membership by recent creations of peers was voiced recently by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who asked for a return of the peerages granted by each administration since 1880. Lord Curzon, who said he had no objections to the giving of such a return, admitted that the rate of creations had been accelerated during recent years. He recalled that when Queen Anne ascended the throne there were 188 members of their Lordships' House. When George III succeeded in 1762 there were 227, when George IV succeeded in 1820, 372, and when Queen Victoria succeeded in 1837, 439. After the long reign of Queen Victoria there were on the accession of King Edward 591 peers, and when he was succeeded by the present sovereign there were 623 peers. At the present moment there were a little over 700 peers, members of the House of Lords. During the past 100 years there had been 330 additions to the peerage and over 100 of these additions had been made during the last 18 years. Acceleration became more pronounced under Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Deducting the Irish and Scottish peers and the bishops, there were 256 peers to a population of 11,000,000 in 1815, or one to every 43,000; in 1834 there were 454 peers, or one to 41,000 of the population, and in 1918 there were 626 peers, or one per 60,000. They saw, therefore, that the proportion of peers to population was not increasing.

As visitors to the British Museum will notice, there is a 'certain liveliness' in the neighborhood of the Elgin marbles. A fragment of the frieze of the Parthenon, recently discovered in a garden rockery at an Essex country house, has just been presented to the nation, and is in process of being reunited to the broken Elgin slab and placed in its proper position in the Museum. That position is open to some criticism as being very much lower than the original position on the walls of the Parthenon, where Athenian visitors, standing inside the Doric columns to study the frieze, must have had it high above their heads — to meet which the sculptor carved his figures in bolder relief toward the top. But, of course, the only really satisfactory position for the frieze is on the Parthenon, itself, or, at least, in the little museum which the Greeks have built a few yards away. More people enjoy it here, but no one enjoys it to the full. The story of how this particular fragment was 'excavated' by James Stuart in the fifties, shipped to Smyrna, where it was lost, 'acquired' (goodness knows how!) by a naval captain, who fetched it to England, and finally

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buried and forgotten in the garden rockery may be read in the second volume of *Archæologia*. But it is painful enough reading and affords a very curious commentary on the excuse usually put forward for the depredations of Elgin and others, namely, that it was desirable in the interests of art to bring away the treasures of ancient Greece to a country where they would be so much better appreciated!

SINCE the fall of the Bastille there has been no such memorable 14th of July as that which was celebrated in Paris on July 14. Tens of thousands of people exclaimed, 'After forty-seven years!' and repeated the words in rapturous delight. For the chains which had barred the way under the Arc de Triomphe ever since the Prussians had marched beneath had been removed, and it was now the turn of the victorious soldiers of France. The night before crowds had kept vigil at the cenotaph erected in the Place de l'Etoile in memory of those who had fallen in the war, beneath the legend *Aux Morts pour la Patrie*. In the morning there was another brief ceremony. Before ascending the tribune President Poincaré deposited a wreath at the foot of the monument to the dead. M. Clemenceau did the same. A simple poilu now stepped forth. To the tributes of Chief of State and Head of Government he added a wreath in the name of all the soldiers of France, and was followed by a sailor and two graceful girls representing Alsace and Lorraine. Then came hours of intoxicating triumph and the realization of the dream which has haunted France for nearly half a century. The great march was led by a thousand mutilated men whose way was strewn with flowers. Then came the two heroes of the war, Foch and Joffre, riding side by side. Then came an American contingent led by General Pershing. These were followed by the Belgians, and then came the British. A naval band played 'A Life on the Ocean Wave,' as the representatives of the navy led the forces of Great Britain. Marshal Haig received a great ovation all along the line. After the khaki came the Italians, and then the Japanese. But it was France's day, and the Allies were represented only by small contingents, and the great body of the procession was composed of French soldiers. The music of the bands was drowned by the continuous shout, '*Vivent les poilus!*' M. Clemenceau fairly summed up the feelings of his countrymen when, in reply to M. Poincaré's congratulations, he said: 'There is not in history a finer moment for our country.'

CERTAIN Germans are very much exercised over the possibility of Hanover once more uniting itself to the British Crown. The Oberbürgermeister of Hanover, one Leinert, has with huge seriousness attributed the unrest in Hanover to 'British intrigue.' The *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten* deals thus with the matter: 'England would expect an independent Hanover, naturally under English protection, to provide English agriculture and industry with potash. If Hanover became a free state under English suzerainty, the potash question would be very easily solved for England. The English know also that if Hanover were proclaimed a free state, the port of Bremen would in one form or another become an English port. A free state of Hanover under English tutelage would mean for England a firm footing upon the Continent, and thus allow her to establish and shift the famous European balance of power according to her own interests. An English province would become interpolated in the German Empire like a wedge and break the connection between East and West. Leinert emphasizes the fact that England will support every moves ment toward independence. Leinert doe-not know whether a Guelph delegation is actually at The Hague, but he declares that at the time of the outbreak of the revolution, when he was elected President of the W. S. Council in Hanover, the Guelphs, in particular Baron von Wangenheim, requested him to proclaim the Prussian province of Hanover a free state. Leinert flatly refused to do so, and threatened the Guelph party with arrest. Leinert does not conceal his opinion that the intricate political situation and the economic distress of the Hanoverian people would find a fertile soil for an Independence movement. Leinert cannot say whether the Duke of Cumberland and the former Duke of Brunswick

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have a finger in the pie, but he is convinced that there are English agents in Hanover. If England was not playing a part in this affair, the Independence movement would have no prospect of succeeding. As things are today, the worst is to be feared. In Leinert's opinion a free state of Hanover means the end of the German Empire.'

In several of the Berlin newspapers are to be found interesting extracts from a book about to be published by Admiral von Tirpitz. The Admiral can see nothing good in the revolution, and regrets the fall of the Kaiser. The guilt of the war he lays at the door of the ex-Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, who, he complains, kept the Chief of the General Staff, the Prussian War Minister, and the Chief of the Admiralty Staff away from Berlin when the tremendous decision was being made. Speaking of the weeks which preceded the war, the Admiral declares that it was the policy of the German Chancellor at the same time to push on hesitating Austria against Serbia, and at the same time to localize the conflict. He continues: 'As I have since learned with a shock from an official communication, it was known in Berlin as early as July 11 that the Entente had advised Belgrade to yield. Bethmann-Hollweg thereby had the means peacefully to unravel the knot in his hands. From the fact that the Entente did not want the war, however, Bethmann-Hollweg drew the conclusion that Germany could take any liberties and force an invasion of Serbia without regard to the Entente. The Austrian ultimatum was to be so highly peppered that, as Zimmermann, the Foreign Under-Secretary, expressed it, Serbia would be unable to swallow it.' Von Tirpitz further declares that Bethmann-Hollweg learned the essential contents of Austria's ultimatum on July 13, whereas Zimmermann, Bethmann-Hollweg, and Von Jagow had so far all denied that the ultimatum was known in Berlin before its dispatch. Von Tirpitz says that his first impression was that the ultimatum was unacceptable for Serbia, and would bring about a world war, and he wrote his deputy in this sense from Tarasp, where he was on leave. He says that he saw at once that Great Britain would enter the war. Von Tirpitz acknowledges that by her pressure in Belgrade, Great Britain proved that she did not want war on Serbia's account. Great Britain had helped Austria to a big diplomatic success. He continues: 'Bethmann-Hollweg considered it diplomatic to incite Austria and in the eyes of Europe to pretend that he knew nothing. This equivocation was not only unworthy, but extremely dangerous. Bethmann-Hollweg assumed that Vienna would not give way, but that Europe would not observe that it was we who struck the table with the Austrian fist.'

The great procession on Peace Day through seven miles of the streets of London by detachments from the armies of all the Allies was the most splendid and thrilling spectacle ever witnessed in England. The Americans led the line and the appearance of General Pershing as he rode at the head of three thousand men was everywhere the signal for a storm of cheers. Then came the Belgians, followed by the Chinese. The Belgians were hailed with special enthusiasm. Indeed it may be said that all along the route the crowd seemed specially anxious to greet those who had suffered most, and for that reason both the Belgians and Serbians were cheered with exceptional heartiness. After the Czecho-Slovaks it was the turn of the French soldiers, led by the Commander-in-Chief of all the Allied Armies, Marshal Foch. Then came the soldiers of Greece and Italy and Japan, with Portuguese, Polish, Rumanian, and Siamese contingents. The British naval force was headed by Admiral Beatty on foot. Finally, it was the turn of the British Army with Marshal Haig riding at their head. Australians, Canadians, New Zealanders, and South Africans were all loudly welcomed, but even a more exultant roar was reserved for the representatives of the 'Old Contemptibles,' the survivors of the original Expeditionary Force. Along Constitution Hill there were special stands for the widows and orphans of the war. And it was to these mothers that the great soldiers and sailors turned instinctively in their triumphal march toward their King — deaf for the moment to the plaudits of

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their countrymen, minds thrown back to the times of great sacrifice, in never-flinching response to the call, which had recurred during the five years of strife. Brave-hearted women! There was no need to be ashamed when you furtively clutched the boy or girl at your side — one understood; and the boy and girl understood too. On the north side of the Mall was another stand with men who had been maimed in the war — many of them had lost an arm or a leg. They waved their crutches and cheered with the rest. The King took the salute standing on a dais in front of Queen Victoria's monument, at the head of the Mall. One after the other as they came the great leaders of the Allied host, Pershing and Foch, Beatty and Haig saluted and then dismounted and stood by the dais of the King. Everything went off as it was planned and without a hitch. The weather was fair till late in the afternoon, and even when the rain came in the evening it was quite unable to damp the enthusiasm of the crowds who stood in the Park to wonder at the fireworks.

THE following account of the preparations being made for the Kaiser's trial is clipped from the columns of the *Times:*

'William II of Hohenzollern, formerly German Emperor, as he is described in Part VII (Penalties) of the Peace Treaty, will be tried by five judges, one appointed by each of the following Powers: The United States of America, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan. As the trial is to take place in London, the English Judge will presumably be president of the tribunal. He has been publicly arraigned for a supreme offense against international morality and the sanctity of treaties. He will accordingly be tried for his action in causing the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and Luxemburg, which Prussia had guaranteed by treaty.

'The Allies had a very good reason for limiting the indictment to these specific counts, and in not arraigning him for his general conduct on the eve of and during the war. They are determined that the course of justice shall not be defeated by the law's delays. Warned by the example of the impeachment of Warren Hastings, which dragged on for years, the Allies have decided that the Kaiser and his counsel shall not be given the opportunity of calling a multitude of witnesses and presenting a mass of documents covering the whole range of the most crowded years of the Kaiser's activities. For he will be allowed the counsel of his choice, German or other. One of the reasons for constituting a special tribunal is to assure him the guaranties essential to the right of defense.

'The trial will be unique. There is no precedent for it, and the only parallel of any kind in modern times for the trial of a foreign sovereign on English soil is the case of Mary Queen of Scots. There has hitherto been no code of international law making provision for a case of this kind. The Peace Treaty has, however, filled the gap. The tribunal is instructed to be guided in its decision by the highest motives of international policy, with the view to vindicating the solemn obligations of international undertakings and the validity of international morality.

'Again, there are no rules of procedure yet in existence. It should not, however, take long to frame these. A committee of the Allies will shortly be appointed to see that Germany carries out the terms of the treaty. This committee will appoint a number of commissions to deal with different branches of the treaty. One such commission will be entrusted with the execution of the Penalties section, and it is understood that Great Britain will be represented on it by one of the English Law Officers, Sir Gordon Hewart, and Sir Ernest Pollock. The commission will take all the necessary steps to insure that the tribunal is properly constituted, and that it is in a position to exercise its high functions.

'It will be the duty of the tribunal to fix the punishment which it considers should be imposed. Again, there is no precedent to guide the tribunal. The prevailing view is that punishment must take one of two forms — death or detention for life. The case of Napoleon is, of course, no real parallel, for he was sent to St. Helena without trial, and an Act of Indemnity was actually passed to relieve everybody concerned of any of the possible consequences of their

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action in that drama. But the actual punishment of Napoleon has always been present to the mind of the advisers of the Allied Governments in the case of the Kaiser. It may be questioned, however, whether they would think it desirable to send him to such an isolated spot as St. Helena in these days of aeroplanes and submarines.

'It is understood that the Allied Governments do not anticipate any great difficulty in securing the surrender of the Kaiser for trial. Although only the five Great Powers will be represented on the tribunal, all the Allied and Associated Powers to the number of over twenty will join in addressing a request to the Government of the Netherlands for the surrender of the person of the ex-Kaiser. The request will be in no sense an ultimatum. The Allies, in their note to the Dutch Government, will fully recognize the sovereign rights of Holland. They will ask the Dutch Government to hand over the Kaiser, taking their stand as the liberators of small states, seeking to insure the protection of small states, among which Holland must be numbered, in the years to come.

'No date has yet been fixed for the trial, and no place has yet been assigned for it. The Allies are anxious that there shall be as little delay as possible, but obviously no final decision can be taken until the treaty has been ratified. But the vital decision has been taken that London shall be the scene of the trial, and the Tower of William the Norman awaits the latest of its long roll of Royal prisoners.'

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Prince Max, of Baden, favorably known as a German liberal statesman, was Chancellor of the Empire during the days of the *débâcle.*

* * *

A. A. Milne, journalist and author, has, since 1906, been one of the editors of *Punch.*

* * *

W. L. Courtney is editor of the *Fortnightly Review.*

* * *

Francesca M. Wilson belongs to that group of English Quakers who have been doing particularly fine relief work.

Lady Rose Weigall, editor of the *Wellington Letters,* is the daughter of the second Earl of Westmorland.

* * *

A. Neil Lyons is thought to be England's best delineator of Cockney types.

* * *

Edmund Gosse, poet, critic, and historian of English literature, is librarian of the House of Lords.

* * *

W. Walter Crotch is president of the Dickens Fellowship.

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TO A CHILDLESS WOMAN

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

You think I cannot understand. Ah, but I do.
I have been wrung with anger and compassion for you.
I wonder if you'd loathe my pity, if you knew.

But you *shall* know. I've carried in my heart too long
This secret burden. Has not silence wrought *your* wrong —
Brought you to dumb and wintry middle-age, with gray
Unfruitful withering? — Ah, the pitiless things I say!

What do you ask your God for, at the end of day,
Kneeling beside your bed with bowed and hopeless head?
What mercy can He give you? — dreams of the unborn
Children that haunt your soul like loving words unsaid —
Dreams, as a song half-heard through sleep in early morn?

I see you in the chapel where you bend before
The enhaloed calm of everlasting Motherhood
That wounds your life: I see you humbled to adore
The painted miracle you've never understood.

Tender and bitter, sweet and shy, I've watched you holding
Another's child. O childless woman, was it then
That, with an instant's cry, your heart, made young again,
Was crucified forever — those poor arms enfolding
The life, the consummation that had been denied you?

I too have longed for children. Ah, but you must not weep.
Something I have to whisper as I kneel beside you.
And you must pray for me before you fall asleep.

The Nation

A SONNET

BY A. B.

Think not I love thee out of self's excess
With stealthy heart, intent on brigandage,
Questing the plume of beauty's equipage
To ornament a mood of loneliness.
'T is not the treasure of a silken tress,
The solace of thy lips, thy hand's engage
Or any kindred bounty shall assuage
The secret origins of life's distress.

For in the flame of love a purpose thrives
Than passion's grapes more sweet, far worthier than
Ambition's gold or fame's meridian;
More than the compass of our little lives,
Love is the pulse of the eternal plan,
The seraph's fire — the spirit that survives.

The New Witness

INVOCATION

BY W. KEAN SEYMOUR

Let there be loveliness and light
For her whose beauty makes me sing,
Let nothing be before her sight
To make despair or shuddering.

So in the quiet of her eyes,
Gazing, I shall descry the gleam
Of Love's immortal sanctities
And youth's imperishable dream.

The New Witness

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